

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Family Growth by Grace at Table**—*Glenn H. Asquith*
- **Family at Work!**—*Frances Dunlap Heron*

May, 1952

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat

● *Hearthstone* once again comes with sparks a-flying. You know the kind we mean—the sparks of inspiration that set the heart, head and hand on fire to create a better world, a better community, a better home, a better family, a better *YOU*.

● Even though the old saying, "a penny for your thoughts!" has hit the inflationary spiral and is now, "two pennies for your thoughts!" we hope you will continue to send us your ideas and experiences on two-penny post cards.

● The *menu* on this page brims over with a great variety of subjects—fun, work, grace and children's prayers, books, retirement, interior decorating, child training, psychology, fiction. Like a good waiter in a restaurant, we shall try to suggest the *pièce de résistance* best suited for each particular diner.

● For parents of young children—"Children's Books for Summer Pleasure," by a children's librarian, who gives crystal-clear directions on how to select books for the various age levels. For parents of teen-agers—"Family at Work!" a home-tested recipe for family work-sharing. For all parents—"Family Growth by Grace at Table," by a minister who is the father of three children; and "The Family in Tragedy."

● For mothers—a special dessert for Mother's Day, "Occupation—Housewife." For husbands and wives—"Power of the Tongue." If you know some "just-marrieds," pass your *Hearthstone* along to let them read these two articles.

● For our thousands of readers—"She Taught a Generation to Pray," to introduce you to a very delightful person; "Family Life in Mexico," an inside story of Mexico from the inside; Dr. Crane's "Family Counselor."

Next Month . . .

a magazine of timely articles, and without any commercials: "To a Bride-Elect," "Father's Place," "The Family Goes on Vacation," "Play Ways for Summer Days," "Does Your Child Feel Secure?"—and their titles really indicate their contents. "When the Old Is New" views the "good old days" through children's eyes and is from the typewriter of one who knows what children like. "The Henrichs Family," of *Sunshine Magazine* fame, is a real "don't miss."

Picture Credits

Harold M. Lambert, cover, page 22; Three Lions, page 1; Monkmeyer, page 2; Eva Luoma, pages 2, 23, 33; Religious News Service, pages 5, 11, 28, 29; Denterage from Black Star, page 16; Victor de Palma from Black Star, page 18; Wesley Bowman Studio, page 19; A. Devaney, page 30.

A Word from **The Word**

A Worthy Woman . . .

A worthy woman who can find?
For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusteth in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
.
She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the
needy.
She is not afraid of the snow for her
household;
For all her household are clothed with
scarlet.
She maketh for herself carpets of tapes-
try;
Her clothing is fine linen and purple.
Her husband is known in the gates,
When he sitteth among the elders of the
land.
She maketh linen garments and selleth
them,
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom:
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her
household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up, and call her blessed:



—Heinrich Hofman.

JESUS VISITS MARY AND MARTHA

Her husband also, and he praiseth her,
saying:
Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all.
Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
But a woman that feareth the LORD, she
shall be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates.

—Proverbs 31:10-13, 20-31.



It is only as each member of the family contributes his share of energy to the maintenance of the home that he feels the proper sense of belonging.



Famil

"My Father worketh hith

Experience counts.

That is why this author

writes so convincingly.

And no wonder!

She's mother of 4 teen-agers!

CIRCUMSTANCES surrounding the authorship of this article are particularly appropriate. "Deadline"—that word that hangs over writers and editors like the awful pendulum besetting Edgar Allan Poe's hero—has caught up with me 365 miles from home and driven me to my typewriter. The title of my assignment strikes me with its timeliness. For only the generous cooperation of my "family at work" made it possible for me to drop everything for a visit to Missouri to help my mother celebrate her eighty-third birthday.

Before I left home, we sat down for a brief family council to consider division of labor. Since 17-

year-old Al and 19-year-old Marion Sue both have summer jobs earning college expenses, their morning duties are limited to making up their beds and fixing their sack lunches. Eleanor, almost 16, is chief chauffeur, shopper and cook. Both girls are sharing in the dishwashing, and Pop and Eleanor are doing the laundry together. Donald, age 11, has garbage disposal and lawn mowing listed along with daily practice of cornet and piano on his work chart on the kitchen bulletin board. Our Thursday cleaning woman, Della, will be in once to iron out any disorder as well as clothes.

Of course, I am not so uninitiated as to expect that everything is proceeding exactly on schedule without complaint or argument. There will be differences of opinion as to one another's methods

and efficiency. The important thing, however, is that the younger members of the family are growing more and more self-sufficient as they learn that it takes work to make a household run.

It is easy for a family to play together. Going on a picnic, taking in a movie, entertaining guests—any of these is fun, especially if Mother has done the advance preparation. Spirits run high and good will prevails. It's even easy for a family to live together, that is, to occupy the rooms of the house without any of the responsibility thereof, simply using home as a headquarters. Unfortunately, in too many cases that is about all the modern home is.

But it is in working together that parents and children truly become a family. It is only as each member of the family contributes

that their teen-agers start, carry on, and finish a job. (Sympathetic sigh from other parents!) There is even an occasional "Martyr Mama" who enjoys overburdening herself and crying: "Nobody does anything around here except me. I slave all day while the children are off having a good time."

HOW DO THE TEEN-AGERS themselves feel about the work problem? Naturally, they reflect their parents' attitude. Some of them feel that labor is solely for adults. "We're only young once. We don't know what's ahead in these uncertain times. We'd better have fun while we can."

Only rarely these days in middle-class families do we find boys and girls—actually overworked. Where the illness or death of a parent imposes heavy responsibilities, sons and daughters usually respond willingly and generously, proving that youth today is as ready as ever to pitch in when it recognizes the need. The occasional parent who takes advantage of such willingness to shift an unnecessary load upon young shoulders is being grossly unfair and may indeed rob the boy or girl of the ability to relax and enjoy freedom in adulthood.

If the home is to be truly a laboratory in Christian living, both parents and youth must believe that Jesus touched upon a fundamental basis for living when he said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work" (John 5:17). Each person in the family must find his niche.

That is easier said than accomplished. Electric dishwashers, automatic washing machines, frozen food lockers and gas and oil furnaces have eliminated many of the chores that formerly taught youth the nobility of toil. This situation is particularly true in town and city homes, but even on farms machinery has cut out lots of teen-size jobs. Moreover, babysitting now provides such lucrative employment that often Joanie and Bill are not at home when they are most needed, and home tasks without remuneration suffer in competition.

By **FRANCES
DUNLAP HERON**

In spite of these drawbacks, any family can find jobs for all. But they must be jobs that count, for no teen-ager is interested in doing something that has been cooked up just to keep him busy. If parents start a family council when their children are small, the division of labor naturally works itself out. Through this council plan of dealing with behavior, recreation, finances and labor, a whole overall, democratic philosophy of family sharing develops. For several summers our kitchen was decorated with six work charts, on which Pop and I and our quartet recorded our performance of the duties we had selected for ourselves during council sessions.

WHETHER OR NOT a formal family council exists, some kind of "talking over" of work problems is necessary. This will assure the three essentials for encouraging industry:

1. The job must be recognized as important to the ongoing of the household.
2. The worker must be allowed some leeway in choice and execution of tasks.
3. He must find some satisfaction in carrying through an assignment.

At a family conclave a list might be made of all the jobs that are being done around the home at present—and those that should be done. This mere listing will make it evident whether or not one person is carrying a disproportionate load. Teen-agers are usually fair-minded, and often their seeming laziness is simply a lack of understanding. Once they realize that Mom and Pop like to have some time off for fun too, they will pitch in.

The maintenance of any home, however up-to-date, involves such tasks as dishwashing, cooking, laundry, cleaning, care of room and clothing, and window washing. Many homes have a basement, attic, yard or garage to be kept in shape, a garden to be cultivated, a

t Work!

work."—John 5:17

his share of energy to the maintenance of the home that he feels the proper sense of belonging. The home is a laboratory in human relations. Unless a young person learns at home that work is the basis of useful, happy existence, he will have a difficult adjustment to make when he sets out on his own.

One might suppose that there would be general application of such a logical principle. There is not. First of all, there are those parents who had it pretty hard when they were young, and they wish their own children to "enjoy life." Some are afraid that if Bill and Joanie have to clean house and hoe beans they will develop an aversion to work in later life. (Small chance!) Many parents feel that it is easier to do everything themselves than to see

car to be washed. In any family some persons will like one kind of job best, others another. It is only reasonable to let each have some say in what he wishes to do. We found that when our children were given freedom of discussion in family council, they cheerfully outlined for themselves the very chores they had groaned about in former years.

IT IS ON THE THIRD point—that of finding satisfaction in completing a job—that most difficulty is encountered. The hustle and the overstimulation of our age interfere with concentration on personal achievement. We parents must try to help our youth recapture that feeling of individual responsibility by setting a proper example. Often we let ourselves get caught dabbling in so many activities that we cannot do any one well.

For younger teen-agers the system of charts for the checking off of duties performed is effective. We found that self-grading at the end of each week, with each person affixing a certain color star denoting his grade of performance, worked well. And at the end of a season, there's no harm in recognizing faithfulness with a desirable award.

Giving due credit and praise stimulates effort. When a visitor asks, "Do you have a new car? It's so shiny," we answer, "No, it's three years old. It shines be-

cause Al takes such good care of it." If dinner guests are told that Joanie made the delectable lemon pie, she will strain herself to master new recipes. Likewise corn on the cob that is highly relished by family and friends assumes new importance to Bill if his garden- ing efforts are credited.

Sometimes a lesson in responsibility has to be taught negatively. If Joanie has neglected her job of keeping the living room straight, she will be contrite if the most particular housekeeper in the neighborhood drops in on strewn newspapers and clusters of dog hair under chairs. Fortunately, teenage is the time when boys and girls become interested in the appearance of their home surroundings, and that's the signal for Mother and Dad to say, "All right, if you want a nice-looking place, you can help to keep it that way."

Sometimes a whole-family project, such as cleaning up a basement or transforming an attic into a playroom, is a good way to teach thoroughness. If the job is to be followed by an outing, the time goes faster. Our current family enterprise is the building of an outdoor fireplace. Already we have hauled and unloaded stones. Sharing pleasantly in the results of labor is a mighty incentive.

Not all jobs can hold that inducement. In such cases, teen-agers must learn to find their reward in the inner satisfaction of having done their best. This is the

point at which some parents break down and pay wages. They believe that the end justifies the means. They overlook the fact that teen-agers should regard themselves as a part of the family and no more expect to be paid for dishwashing and hanging up clothes than Mother is for cooking or sewing. The what-do-I-get-out-of-it attitude may carry over until Bill and Joanie think they should be paid for everything they do. That is a poor foundation for building a home of their own. Where children receive an allowance, it should be looked upon as their share in the family income.

An occasional exception may be made if a boy or girl undertakes some large job that would otherwise require professional help. When Al bargained for the job of insulating the attic, we felt that it was indeed worth a fair percentage of what we would have to pay a workman. It was a long, hot endurance test, but he stuck it out. In another instance, a friend of his painted the family's house on business terms.

Some jobs around the house can hardly be pulled out of the drudgery classification and must be accepted as routine. But parents should see that each child also has an opportunity to cultivate his talents through creative work. In our family Marion Sue welcomes being left in charge of the kitchen so that she can experiment with a new kind of candy or ice-box dessert. For Al, keeping his clothes pressed, his shoes shined, and the car polished are a gratification of his pride. Eleanor will spend two hours decorating a birthday cake for any other member of the family. On her own initiative, she painted floor, walls and ceiling of an unsightly basement room and thus provided all of us with a pleasant spot for games and parties. Right now she is repainting her own room and Marion Sue's. Donald's greatest satisfaction comes from taking care of our cocker spaniel, Jaspar, a task that he discharges happily, getting his reward in canine affection.

Yes, work *can* be fun, when the heart is pushing the hand!

Now They Tell Me!

When I had babies of my own,

The theory was: "Leave them alone!"

Now that they're big, with shift befuddling

The edict is: "Give lots of cuddling!"

*Here are new reasons for
following an old custom,
and suggestions for giving
it maximum value,
even in families where
grace is traditional*

years. The menus of the long ago, and even the mealtime squabbles between brother and sister fade away in the distance, but not the mealtime sharing in praise and thanksgiving to God. Grace said at your family table will remain as one of the foundation stones of your continuing growth of spirit, and as a source of enrichment of your inner life.

Our parents, when they led us in the familiar ritual of grace, were providing more than a mere temporary example to us as children. In fact, they were contributing much to our permanent faith. A point to be kept in mind by present-day fathers and mothers is that

By GLENN H. ASQUITH

the hour of breaking bread together as a family unit is one of great susceptibility on the part of all who are sharing at the table, a time of relaxation and enjoyment in comradeship which offers a rare oasis in the hurried rush of modern life. Wise families who are working at their Christianity will study to make the most of this golden opportunity. And how is it to be done most effectively?

What is grace at table?

Grace is the old word for thanks which has carried down through the years and is now used, almost exclusively, as the designation for a little verse, an unrehearsed prayer, or a hymn to be used as an expression of thanksgiving to God for food provided at the table. The custom has its roots in the long ago when men realized more keenly than now that, except for the goodness of God in sending rain and sunshine and working

family growth by GRACE at TABLE

PERHAPS you remember:

God is great, and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food;
By His bounty are all men fed,
And we thank Him for this
bread.

Or do you remember:

Come, Lord Jesus, and be our
guest,
And bless the food provided for
us.

Or perhaps the grace said at the table in your childhood home was some other verse or hymn which has lingered with you through the

"We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Colossians 1:3.



through the processes of nature, there would be famine in the land. Now, because food comes to many tables so indirectly from the source of supply, there is all the more reason to make some recognition of man's dependence upon the Creator for sustenance.

The two verses quoted at the beginning of this article are examples of ready-made graces which have become traditional. Others may be picked up when members of the family visit in other homes, where verses may be heard which have come down into American homes with other national or racial backgrounds. Indeed, so seldom is the same grace heard that it will be easy for an alert family to gather a good collection of graces for use in their own home.

Many hymns are adapted for "singing graces," for example:

The Doxology.

"Come, Ye Thankful People."

"Lord of All, to Thee We Raise."

"Lord, We Thank Thee Who Hast Made the Earth."

"Break Thou the Bread of Life."

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts."

In addition to standard graces and hymns, a search through a book of religious verse will disclose many new stanzas rich in possibility.

Variety and adaptation

Many families are in a rut in their choice of the grace they say at their table. One verse, one hymn, or a little poem may be used three times a day in the same way until the custom becomes meaningless, and simply something which "Christian" people do as opposed to more "heathen" families. Variety in content and method will add freshness and importance to this part of mealtime.

As a beginning toward variety of content, one grace could be selected for breakfast, one for lunch, and one for dinner. This would insure at least some alertness to what was being said. After the family becomes accustomed to using these three graces, there may be a branching out into something more ambitious. Graces appropriate for the various holidays, especially for church holy days, such as Easter and Christmas, will add to the significance of the occasion. Also, the family might prefer to choose twelve graces for the year, to be changed monthly, each one to be worded aptly for the season at hand.

Variety of method will come easily after the content has been varied. Here, again, the members of the family may gain new ideas by observation in

Angry words we speak are swords

That, entering the heart,

Threaten life's most precious ties—

Rend them far apart.

Gentle words are golden cords

That, reaching out, will then

Gather close the broken bonds—

Mend them all again!

INEZ CLARK THORSON

other homes, just as they found new graces by watching others. Another good way to obtain variety in method is to give the children turns in saying the grace, although the parents and other adults in the family circle ought not to be skipped over completely. A change from a spoken grace to a singing grace might well be a frequent practice. Some families add to the fellowship of the thanksgiving by standing and joining hands as they repeat or sing the grace in unison. On a birthday it could be understood that it is the special privilege of the celebrant to ask the blessings for the day. For further variety, the grace might sometimes be delayed until after the meal; surely, thanksgiving is just as appropriate after eating as before, although grace before "meat" serves as the proper pause that adds dignity and prevents a very hungry boy or girl from starting in on his serving before the others are ready.

In all this variety it is well to keep in mind that some family groups are made up of widely divergent ages. The age range may extend from a preschool child to a grandparent. Participation in and understanding of the grace is the right of every member if the custom is to have meaning for all. This, of course, will be difficult. However, by keeping the grace simple in families where there are small children, and by dramatizing the act by taking hold of hands or by singing, something can be done. Also, as the years fly by, the table blessings should be brought up to the new age levels. It will be a fascinating thing for the older ones in the group to watch the development of the younger ones as they respond to changes. When the method of "taking turns" is used, the youngest member may have his own little grace, whereas the older ones may use a more advanced form. This will give a sense of proprietorship to the younger children, or each will have his "own" blessing which the family receives only

Gone Are the Nights

Gone are the nights of pure slumber,

Deep, untrammelled, serene;

I used to sleep like a baby—

Until ours arrived on the scene!

THOMAS USK

through him. And he will try to memorize the harder verses or hymns of the others as a matter of pride until he can take over.

Memorized vs. spontaneous graces

Speaking of the effort which younger children will make to memorize the grace said by older people brings up the problem of how advisable it is to use memorized prayers, even at table. One father who had watched a church demonstration of family worship criticized the use of the Lord's Prayer. His contention was that the family circle should be a place where the prayers are personal and from the heart if they are to send the family away refreshed and strengthened. Of course there is much truth to that position, but there are two sides to the problem.

In favor of memorized forms of graces (which include Bible verses, traditional graces, and hymn stanzas) is the undeniable fact that the younger people can join in, whereas it is difficult for them to formulate their own spontaneous prayers. Too, the use of a form affords a valuable opportunity for union expression which would not occur when one member of the family opened his heart in a spontaneous expression of thanksgiving to God. And there is a continuing value to memorized forms. In later years people who have grown up and are away from their parental homes will remember the form graces but they forget what father or mother said in a voluntary thanksgiving. Further, the memorized blessings take in a community of people beyond the family circle. When visiting in other homes, a child may hear the same grace said to which he has listened or which he has repeated around his home table. There is great value in cultivating this feeling of oneness among believers, even in this small way.

Values derived from grace at table

It has been indicated that a monotonous routine of mumbling the grace may defeat the entire purpose except for establishing a good but comparatively meaningless habit. A golden opportunity will have been lost in homes using this slipshod method. The potential values are too great and too many to be lightly thrown away.

In the first place, saying grace is praying in a real sense. No matter that the verses or hymns are simple, the expression of a close relationship to the Father God in prayer is distinctly recognized. Indeed, thanksgiving is one of the best kinds of prayer. And, being prayers, the graces build up a desire for communication with God, and start a habit of personal devotion which will expand into something enduring in the hearts of impressionable youth.

As time goes on, the children in a grace-saying family will realize that their parents—whom they respect and admire for their achievements—have a dependence on Jesus Christ, in whom they have found strength. This value cannot be too highly estimated. The sorrows and disappointments of children are even more acute and unbearable than those of more mature people. To give children an assurance of help from a heavenly Father who is stronger and wiser

and kinder than they can possibly imagine will create a cheerfulness and poise which will set up a durable life pattern.

It will not be too farfetched to say that such a simple start toward knowledge of God as is gained from hearing and sharing in table grace may lead the children into taking a definite stand for Jesus as Lord of their lives. The God they hear about in Sunday school and read about in the Bible will not be a stranger. He will be the kind provider whom they have thanked for their food hundreds of times.

In conclusion, it should be said that the habit of saying grace at table is one of the strong ties to bind a family together in their joys and sorrows. Like all shared things, the blessing at mealtime becomes community property, and the members of the select little group which engages in the daily ceremony grow in stature in the eyes of one another.

"And he took bread, and gave thanks."

A Home

A house with doors and windows,

A number on a street,

A place where jaded people

May turn their weary feet,

A place to eat, a closet

Wherein to hang a hat?

No, questing generation,

A home is more than that.

Home is a happy refuge,

A place of cheer and song,

Where Love is throned in beauty,

And gladness lingers long.

Home is a place of safety

From earth's mad ways apart,

A shrine Faith's hands have builded,

A temple of the heart.

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

By KATHERINE REEVES

His Banne

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL SWISHER

MARY LEE sat down by the window and fanned her hot face with her crumpled pink apron. "I'm tired," she said wearily to the row of pink African violets on the window sill. "I'm absolutely worn to a frazzle. Eight pies, on top of everything else." She dropped her head down on her folded arms resting on the window sill.

"This business of being a good-housekeeper-good-wife-good-mother is getting me, but fast." She realized, with a cold little shiver of unease, that this thought was recurring with unpleasant frequency.

It was almost six o'clock and she had not started dinner. In fact, she had not even started to feed Timmy, and she usually had him fed and in his pink sleepers looking like a drowsy angel by the time Dan got home. The very thought of feeding Timmy was fatiguing. "How can a ten-week-old child have the strength and endurance to wear out a big, husky creature like me?" It was a question she had asked herself often in the past few weeks.

Her thoughts traveled around the house recalling the unwashed lunch dishes, the vacuum cleaner sitting in the middle of the living-room floor, the furniture still pushed back against the wall where they had moved it to make room for Dan's cub scouts last night, and where Dan had said to leave it until he got home from work tonight. She'd left it and joked unhappily about it when Mrs. Wells

dropped in for a minute and stayed two hours. But the beds were made, Timmy's washing was piled fluffy and dry in the laundry basket, and the eight pumpkin pies for the church supper were cooling.

"Maybe it was company that threw me out of stride," she said to the violets. Then, being rigidly honest, even in conversation with a flowerpot, she withdrew the idea.

"Company, nothing. We've had cub scouts before. Mrs. Wells has held me up before. And I've managed to get through the day. It's this feeding fit of Timmy's that has me going in circles."

FOR DAYS Timmy had temperamentally and unpredictably refused his food. Sometimes he would take milk and cereal hungrily. But today he had refused his orange juice. And fruits! Every time the spoon with apricot or applesauce was put to his lips he tightened his firm pink mouth and said in every way but words that he did not intend to eat it.

At first, following her good baby book and her good common sense, Mary Lee had taken the objectionable food away and tried it again later. According to the book this usually worked. Of course, the cautious authors of any book on infant feeding had to protect themselves against the exception.

"And my baby had to be the exception," she said to Dan's mother, who dropped in one day when the feeding was in progress. Dan's mother laughed and said

comfortably, "Just relax, honey; he'll eat it in time. They all do. Look at Dan. Why you wouldn't believe the struggle I had to get vegetables into him. Now he eats everything in sight."

But Mary Lee was not satisfied. "I'll have no feeding problems," she said firmly. "From the very beginning I've tried to give this child a break, and now look at him. No cooperation at all—screaming over applesauce. Where's your gratitude, boy?" And she put the baby over her shoulder and gently patted the little back.

Now, remembering this conversation, she looked out the window at the garden buried in deep mid-winter snow. The last red streaks of sunset slashed a sky that would undoubtedly let loose more snow by morning. *There's one thing to be thankful for*, she thought irrelevantly. *So long as the garden looks like that we don't have to worry about weeding it.*

THE NOISE of Dan's feet on the back porch stamping off the snow brought her to with a start. The house was dark. Timmy was screaming furiously. Her neck was stiff. Well, *that's one way to solve your problems*, she thought as she straightened up.

"Mary Lee—answer me—is anything the matter? Where are you?"

She heard the flick of the hall switch and saw the soft flow of light through the open door.

Over Me

Mother's DAY—with Father to the rescue. A fresh, light touch was what Mary Lee lacked. But pies, baby, cleaning, beds and dishes. . . . We know how she felt! What we want to know is how she was unfrazzled!



There was no indication as to whether the food was going down or not until Dan appeared in the doorway.

Jumping to her feet she ran to meet him. "Nothing's happened, dear. I just fell asleep in the corner like a dope. Heavens, that poor starving angel." She kissed Dan quickly, her kiss falling on his chin instead of his lips where she intended it to go, and ran to rescue Timmy.

Timmy was hungry, angry, and beginning to be frightened, to judge by his tones. His dark blue eyes were drowning in tears, and tears poured down his angry, crimson face. His doubled up fists were beating the air. His clothing was wadded in a damp bunch under him, and his whole small vigorous body was in agitated motion protesting the indignity of his state.

Mary Lee scooped him up with tender, comforting mother-sounds and smoothed the wet, wrinkled garments. "Daddy'll change you, pet, while I get your supper," she crooned to him.

He stopped screaming and dropped his head like a wilted flower into her neck and searched for his mouth with a small pink thumb.

"Poor lambie, his mommy went to sleep and let him starve." She patted her young son's back comforting him.

He made small sucking sounds as mouth and thumb finally met and drew a long, shuddering breath to end the weeping.

Mary Lee cupped the baby's cold feet in her hand, and carried him out to the living room where Dan was putting the last chair in place. Neat, methodical Dan. Tired as he obviously was he could no more have sat down to read his paper with the living room in the mess it was in than he could have ignored the baby's wails or failed to greet her when he came in. Now with efficient, economical motions he straightened magazines, plumped the pillows on the couch, and unplugged the vacuum cleaner.

He ought to have it better than this, thought Mary Lee tiredly. *He ought to come home to peace and light, and a dry baby, and a rested wife.*

"You're a better housewife than I am," she said gratefully as he relieved her of the sodden baby. "Look out for your coat—he's awash. I'll get his supper right away, but you'll have to wait for yours, darling."

IN THE kitchen she set the cereal and the bottle of formula in a pan of water to warm and got

a fresh jar of applesauce from the refrigerator. "We'll try you once more," she said warningly to the innocent jar as she divided the contents in half.

From the bedroom she could hear Dan talking to his son as he changed the wet garments and stripped the soggy sheet from the crib. She could hear, too, the baby's soft sound-making. *Almost as if they were having a man-to-man talk,* she thought. And a sense of Dan's tender patience flooded her. *He's so good,* she thought. *There's no other word for it but goodness. Lots of men would be grouchy coming home to a household like this one tonight.*

She had put potatoes in the oven to bake and was washing lunch dishes in a luxurious swirl of suds and hot water when they appeared in the doorway. Dan had shed his coat and had tied a ruffled plastic apron around his chest. Above the frilly polka-dotted bib of the apron his dark serious eyes and rumpled hair looked comical and sweet.

Timmy was powdered and fresh in his long pink sleeper. His newly washed face was dewy. His eyes blinked at the kitchen light. His wisp of hair, brushed carefully by his father, stood up in a dark silky crest across the top of his head. He mouthed his thumb in hunger.

"I'll feed him," said Dan. "Give me his stuff when it's ready."

Mary Lee tested the warmth of the cereal and shook a drop of milk on her wrist to be sure of its temperature.

"You can leave the bottle in the pan of warm water while you give him the cereal," she directed. "And good luck with the you-know-what." She put the applesauce jar on the tray with the other things and handed it to Dan. Then she kissed Timmy on the back of his fragrant neck. "Dream boat," she said, "mind your father."

In the kitchen Mary Lee concentrated on supper. She arranged the chops for broiling and cut up

(Continued on page 40.)



"I don't see how we ever got along without electric appliances."

*Two intelligent Christian parents
are jolted from complacency by a
question the teacher asked their Jane
and by their minister's sermon on . . .*

EXPERIENCING GOD



"A-men, God," he said with sincerity.

LORETTA MEDLEY picked up the scattered pages of the Sunday newspaper which contributed to the littered look of the living room. Just now her mind was not on housekeeping. She dropped down in the comfortable platform rocker. What was it Jane had asked her? Loretta tried to recall her young daughter's exact words.

"Teacher asked me when did we learn about God at home?" Jane had said. "I told her we didn't, and the kids laughed at me."

The child had paused and Loretta remembered the hurt look that came over Jane's face.

"Well, we don't, do we?" Jane had asked when her mother had hesitated to answer.

Loretta picked up a pad, but she diddled with the pencil in place of writing the grocery shopping list. She faced the issue. There was too much truth in the answer Jane had given her church school teacher. Jane had innocently reminded her of the failure she and Tim were making with their children.

What was it the minister had said in the morning worship service? It had all added up to something about experience being vital in Christian education. He had said, too, that one of the highest privileges of parents was guiding children in experiencing God. She was impressed with the statement at the time,

but now since talking with Jane, Loretta knew what the pastor meant.

She and Tim were guilty, as the pastor said, of leaving the worship on Sunday morning behind stained-glass windows. She would talk to her husband. Tim had grown up in a home where his parents had family prayer services. He would help her with the children, she was sure.

After Jane and Paul, who was little more than a baby, were asleep Loretta told Tim about the answer his daughter had given to her church school teacher. At first Tim read on and didn't seem to be interested. Before Loretta had finished Tim's newspaper dropped to the floor. She knew he was thinking of his own childhood.

"I must admit I've thought that we should teach the children more about God and Jesus and right living. Frankly, I don't know how," Tim said. Then she saw his expression change. "I guess if we wait until we know all about how to do the job Jane and Paul will be gone to college."

"I've thought about this a lot today," Loretta said. "Everything about the care of the children was new to me, but I just did it. I think we can learn by doing—the old rule, you know."

(Continued on page 44.)

Here's a real treat for parents who want to treat their children to good books. A children's librarian tells how to make their reading a pleasure, how to find out about new books and how to choose the right ones. And she is specific when she writes about . . .

children's

FOR Summer

By OPAL COLE EAGLE

WILL YOUR CHILDREN count reading as one of their pleasures this vacation? Fortunate is the child who lists reading along with picnics, swimming, games, and all the things he does for fun.

Too many children regard reading as work—as a part of their school-work, which is to end when vacation begins.

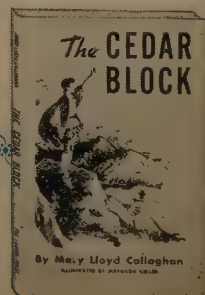
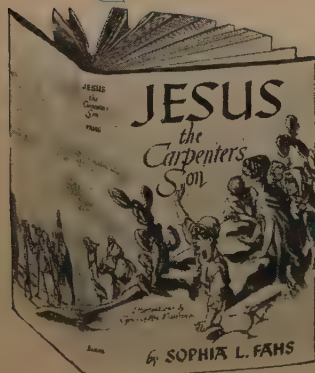
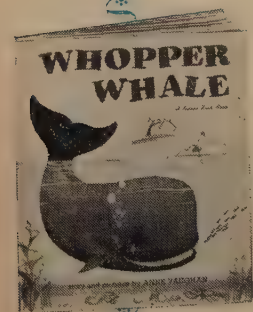
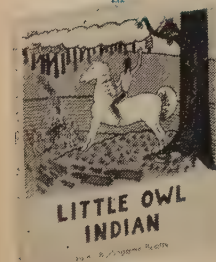
If your children do know the joy of reading, however, encourage them by making good books available to them. If your boys or girls are indifferent to books, why not help them this vacation to discover what will be a lifelong pleasure and satisfaction?

Books are fun, and good children's books encourage the love of beauty. Never have so many children's books been so well written or so beautifully illustrated as they are today. Good books will aid in widening a child's horizons by developing his sympathy

and understanding and by giving him the information he is constantly seeking. Good books about children of other lands, of other creeds and races will do much to guide a child along the road to world citizenship and a Christian outlook.

Besides, without the child being aware of it, his reading ability will be developed by an early and continued acquaintance with good books. The child who has to struggle with reading is handicapped throughout his school years. If he does not learn to read well, and to enjoy it, he will continue to be handicapped the rest of his life.

I can almost hear some of you saying, "But my boy (or girl) does not like to read. How am I going to get him (or her) to read during vacation?" Do not urge him to read or make him do it. Pleasure in doing anything rarely comes through coercion. The child who does not like to read is the child who does not read well. In the majority of cases, he is attempting to read books be-



ooks Pleasure



yond his reading level. Naturally, when a large percentage of the words are unknown to him, he cannot follow the author's line of thought, and he loses interest.

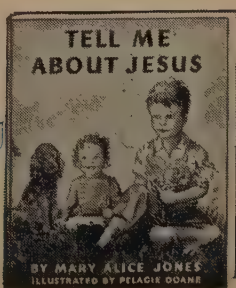
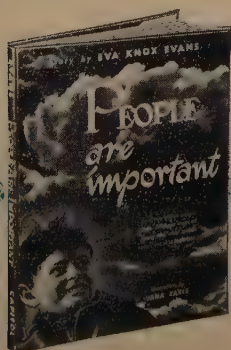
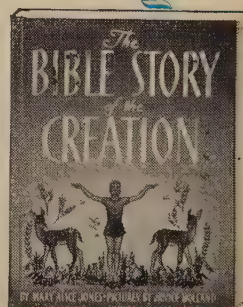
Find out the actual reading level of your child. Today most schools give standardized tests to discover the reading level of students. But the teacher can tell the approximate reading level of each child in her class. Disregard the grade your child is in and select books on his reading level. It is the only road to good reading.

Do not let your pride or your child's pride be a stumbling block to his discovery of the joy of reading. What if your boy is in the fifth grade and has only a third-grade level in reading? He probably does not like to read. The reason? Fifth-grade books have little meaning to him, so he just looks at the pictures. Go back to the books he can read with ease and give him plenty of them. It is just as true of reading as of any other art that "practice makes

perfect." In a few months, with added confidence and a definite pleasure in reading, he will naturally go on to more advanced reading until he reaches his own grade level.

I received a letter last October from a girl whose parents, at the suggestion of her teacher, had brought her to the library (where I am librarian) a year ago this June. Nancy had finished the eighth grade, but her reading level was only 7.5 and the teacher knew that it would handicap her in high school. Nancy told me that she did not like to read. After visiting with her for a time, I learned that she was very much interested in horses. I persuaded her to take home two very well-written and exciting horse stories of fifth-grade reading level. She read the books, enjoyed them and came back for more.

As the summer progressed we worked out together a reading diet of widening interests and increasing difficulty as her reading comprehension and ability improved. To



From "Su-Mei's Golden Year"
by Margueritte Harmon Bro

Nancy's surprise, she found that she liked to read. Let me quote a few lines from her letter:

I would like to thank you for helping me with my reading last summer. When I took the final eighth grade reading test, my grade was 7.5. Then when I took the reading test at high school last week, my grade was 9.0. I feel that I owe this letter of thanks to you for helping me improve my grade in reading.

Your library friend,
Nancy.

Children are so eager to be grown up that as soon as they are promoted to another grade, they (and, yes, often their parents, too) want to read the books for that grade as their recreational reading. Actually, they will not know all the vocabulary of that grade until they are ready to be promoted to the next grade. Therefore, unless tests show that they are superior in reading ability their recreational reading should be one grade below the grade they are in at school.

A child's reading should be 70 per cent easy reading, 20 per cent tip-toe or difficult reading (his school reading assignments), and 10 per cent family reading aloud. That 10 per cent is your opportunity for getting your child interested in reading without coercion. The radio, television, movies, and countless other activities have almost done away with the family reading-aloud periods. But remember that a family that has a reading-aloud period of only twenty minutes a day will have read more than 120 hours in a year.

Make available good and attractive books of the reading level of your children. Then read aloud, taking turns. Let your son or daughter have a turn reading aloud to the family. Do not feel that these books will have little interest for you. Many parents whom I have helped with their family reading program have been astonished to find themselves enjoying their children's books.

If father, mother, and children have laughed together over "Henry Huggins," been anxious with the "Moffats," and followed with keen interest the lives of both real and book characters, they will have precious memories of experiences shared in the happy reading-aloud times.

Boys and girls are interested in

many things. Whenever an interest is aroused, encourage it by supplying books on the subject within their reading comprehension. Reading widens a child's world. For example, a boy may be interested in airplanes. This interest often leads to an interest in biography as he reads about famous pilots; to an interest in travel and geography as he views with the pilots strange and new lands; and to an interest in other means of transportation as he travels in books.

BUYING or selecting books for children is important and should be done with care. In the year 1950 there were published 907 new titles for children. With approxi-

**My early and invincible love of
reading,**

**I would not exchange for the
treasures of India.**

—Gibbon

mately this number published each year, it is impossible for the average parent, without help, to be able to separate the "wheat from the chaff." In your home library, a child should have some books that are his very own. But how to select the few you will want to buy and the many you will want to borrow requires the expert's knowledge.

Especially equipped to give guidance to parents in selecting books for children are children's librarians, school librarians, and children's editors in publishing houses. There are also several books which will help you: *Reading With Children*, by Anna Eaton; *Bequest of Wings*, by Annis Duff; and *Seven Stories High*, by Anne Carroll Moore (revised edition, reprinted from Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia). If you would like to have an evaluation of approximately seventy-five per cent of all books published each year, subscribe to the "Bulletin of the Children's Book Center" (University of Chicago, 5835 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois. A year's subscription costs \$1.75).

HELP YOUR CHILD plan a well-balanced reading menu this summer by introducing him to many types of books. This can be done by reading aloud the first chapter, or by reading the book yourself and then telling just enough to interest him in it.

Here are a few cautions to observe in selecting and buying books for children:

1. Avoid a series. As a rule they have little literary value and depend upon the same characters and similar plots for each book. A steady diet of them does not encourage mental activity or develop a sense of literature value. The children who have a home where good books are enjoyed and have access to a good library will not be harmed by the occasional reading of poor or mediocre books, but those who read only series and a poor type of literature will have no other standards to judge style, plot, and characters, and in most cases will have little or no appreciation of good books ever.

2. Avoid sets of books, with the exception of encyclopedias. It is much better to buy a few good books, selected with care each year. True, it requires more study and time, but the rewards for you and your children are far greater.

3. Before you buy a set of encyclopedia or reference books, consult "Subscription Books Bulletin," an authoritative periodical on reference books. This may save you money and give you valuable information.

4. Look for these earmarks of a good book: an attractive format and illustrations; truthfulness or plausibility (even fanciful literature should be true within its own atmosphere); an accurate setting; good literary style; sound ethics; an appeal to the child. Children like stories that have lively plots, lots of action, adventure, fancy, surprise, humor, and familiar experiences. It is well to remember that by sound ethics we do not mean the "goody-goody" books of the last century or the "sugary" books of the "Elsie Dinsmore" type. They should be normal, wholesome, and have high ideals. They should not give false

concepts of life, teach anything that is cruel, or debase. They should not contain humor that is at the expense of someone's misfortune or handicap.

5. Include religious books. Because I believe that it is important for the home to guide children in their religious reading, in the list below I have included some religious books. In a broad sense, any book has religious values that deals with the ideals and actions of people with honesty, beauty, and

kindness, and that does not paint a false picture. But we need more than that as a background for our faith. We need books that will make our children as familiar with the great characters of the Bible as they are with the characters of "bookland."

Our children should learn early in life that "man does not live by bread alone." No one today can guarantee his children material security, but he can give them a deep faith and the great truths of

life that will help them to grow into men and women who can meet life unafraid. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Whatever are your children's needs, there are fine and good books to satisfy them. May the list of books given below and the suggestions given above add much to the pleasure and profit you and your children derive from this summer's vacation.

A Children's Librarian Lists Some Books for Children

For the Youngest Children

- Anderson, Clarence W., *Blaze Finds the Trail*. Story of a boy and a horse.
- Bannon, Laura May, *Baby Roo*. A surprise.
- Beatty, Hetty B., *Little Owl Indian*. An Indian boy—and a forest fire.
- Brown, Margaret W., *Wait Till the Moon Is Full*. A raccoon story.
- Claxton, Ernest, *A Child's Grace*. Simple text with beautiful illustrations.
- Farjeon, Eleanor, *A Prayer for Little Things*. Marked simplicity.
- Felt, Sue, *Rosa-Too-Little*. A charming story-picture book.
- Field, Rachel, *Prayer for a Child*. (Caldecott Award, 1945.)
- Flack, Marjorie, *Ask Mr. Bear*. A birthday story.
- Goudex, Alice B., *The Good Rain*. Interesting and dramatic story-picture book.
- Jones, Elizabeth O., *Small Rain*. Illustrated verses from the Bible.
- Jones, Mary Alice, *Tell Me About God*. Answers simple questions.
- Tell Me About Jesus*.
- Lathrop, Dorothy, *Animals of the Bible*. Beautiful pictures.
- Leaf, Munro, *Boo Who Used To Be Scared of the Dark*.
- Lindman, M., *Flicka, Flicka, Dicka and Their New Skates*. Delightful story of three little Swedish girls.
- Petersham, M. and M., *The Christ Child*. (Based on the King James Version.)
- Ulreich, N. W., *The Kitten Who Listened*. Large illustrations.
- Vaughan, A., *Whopper Whale*. Attractive picture book of a boastful whale who learned to laugh at himself.
- Zion, G., *All Fall Down*. Beautiful pictures of nature.

For the Youngest Children

(Approximately first through fourth grade)

- Colby, G., *"Gabbit," the Magic Rabbit*. Very funny.
- Darling, F. F., *Sandy, the Red Deer*. Life of the red deer of the Highlands of Scotland.
- Duvoisin, R., *Petunia*. Delightful story of a silly goose.
- Fahs, Sophia Lyon, *Jesus, the Carpenter's Son*. (Follows the King James Version.)
- Geisel, T. S., *Bartholomew and the Oobleck*.
- Govan, C. N., *Mr. Hermit Miser and the Neighborly Pumpkin*. Shows advantages of cooperation and kindness. Humorous.
- Grauloff, C., *Stubborn Donkey*. Animal story with a moral easy to take.
- Hader, B. and E., *Little Appaloosa*. A horse story.
- Hunt, M., *Wonderful Baker*. A "delicious" humorous story.
- Johnson, M., *Randy and the Queen of Sheba*. Story of two dogs.
- Johnson, M., *Red Joker*. Story of a dog and a colt.
- Jones, Mary Alice, *The Bible Story of Creation*. Beautifully illustrated.

- McGinley, P., *Blunderbus*. Dramatic story of an old bus.
- Moon, G. and C., *One Little Indian*. A little Navajo boy's birthday.
- Savage, Joan, *Murray for Bobo*. Baseball, a Chinese boy, a Negro boy.
- Schneider, N. and H., *How Big Is Big?* A science picture book.
- Trousey, S., *Horseman Hal*. The story of a boy and a pony.
- Tubby, Ruth P., *Picture dictionary of the Bible*.

(Approximately fifth and sixth grades)

- Bauman, J., *Idaho Sprout*. A boy's growth and development in the Old West.
- Bischoff, L., *Wonder Poodle*. An appealing story of a small lonely prince and his dog.
- Bro, M. H., *Su-Mei's Golden Year*. A Chinese story.
- Brown, E. F., *Horse for Peter*. Friendship between a boy and a horse.
- Callaghan, M. L., *The Cedar Block*. A beautifully told story of an incident in Jesus' boyhood.
- Cedar, G. D., *Ethan, the Shepherd Boy*. An orphan boy of Judea at the time of Christ's birth.
- Cleary, B., *Henry Huggins*. A very real and very funny story of a nine-year-old.
- DeJong, M., *Tower by the Sea*. A North Sea legend.
- DeLeeuw, A., *Blue Ribbons for Meg*. A good horse story for girls.
- Estes, E., *Ginger Pye*. A boy, a dog, and a mystery.
- Evans, Eva Knox, *People Are Important*. Valuable addition to books on brotherhood.
- Gebaroff, A. J., *Stefanie Was the Good One*. A Polish Family near Chicago.
- George, J. L. and J., *Vision, the Mink*. A good animal and nature story.
- Gordon, D., *You and Democracy*.
- Haywood, C., *Eddie and Gardenia*. A boy, a goat, and a visit to a Texas ranch.
- Henry, M., *Misty of Chincoteague*. A beautiful horse story.
- Hoff, C., *Johnny Texas*. A story of Texas in 1834.
- Keith, M., *Boy of Nazareth*. Tender retelling of the journey to the Feast of the Passover and the visit to the Temple.
- Kennedy, M., *Violets Are Blue*.
- McGinley, P., *The Plain Princess*. The story of how a selfish child began thinking of others.
- Mason, M. E., *House for Ten*. A large family in Indiana in the 1850's.
- Picard, B. L., *Mermaid and the Simpleton*. Fifteen original fairy tales.
- Rankin, L. S., *Gentling of Jonathan*. A misunderstood boy, a good neighbor and a horse.
- Voight, V. F., *Apple Tree Cottage*. A pleasant family story of Pennsylvania in 1842.
- Walpole, E. W., *Why Should I?* Basic truths of all religions brought into focus for the child.

A street scene in rural Mexico. In the distance are pigs and a chicken in the street, and in the foreground, at the doorway to her yard, stands a Mexican girl with her basket on her shoulders.



It is an occasion of great joy when a new Christian home is founded. Eliseo and Amalia live in the village of Palmillas.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER there is a yearning to fill every home with beauty, gaiety, and love. This is manifest in the red geraniums blooming bravely in the flower boxes outside the windows of boxcar homes and in the richly colored roses with regal names that flourish in lovely patios. It is apparent in the strains of music coming from myriad windows, and in colorful serapes, silver-trimmed *charro* suits, frequent fiestas, and sparkling eyes that are all the more noticeable against the background of black-clad women in mourning and the ever present hopelessly poor.

The Mexican is a passionate lover. He may not always show wisdom in his courtship but he never

family life

lacks ardor. He tirelessly paces back and forth outside his girl's home in hopes of catching a glimpse of her. She may not dare step outside her door because of parental watchfulness, but she is aware of his presence and likes having him there. In the evening he stands outside her window, talking through the bars, either unmindful of passers-by or in blessed darkness if he has managed to shatter near-by street lights.

There is a marked difference between Christian homes and others, and this difference is noticeable in the social customs of those of the Christian faith even before the founding of the homes. For instance, Christian young folks have open friendships in church and school, and in their social life. They are together in Christian Youth Fellowship, in Sunday school, youth conferences, and in such projects as the Christmas play, Holy Week activities, and the vacation church school. Their courtship grows out of true friendship founded on common experience, and not merely out of the thrill of eluding parents in order to see each other, or out of the lure of the unknown, or of a purely physical attraction.

It is the custom for the groom to provide his bride with a beautiful wedding dress and several other

No iron curtain hides Mexican family life from a visitor's view. But what travel-weary tourist could bring back this fresh and fascinating picture of home life south of the border? Here a missionary deftly describes the people she knows so well.



The "little mothers" have a very tender love for the smaller brothers and sisters in their care.

Mexico



items for her trousseau, as well as to furnish the house and fill the hope chest. Because he loves her so dearly and because of his great pride, he has a tendency to go deeply into debt in order to give her all her heart desires. Christian young folks are becoming more sensible about this matter. Young men are daring to say frankly: "This is what I have and what I earn. How shall we spend it?" A girl, who would joyfully receive armloads of lovely clothes were they offered to her by her beloved, tends to show considerable wisdom when it comes to sharing in the spending of his money. She feels cherished and adult when consulted about something so intimate. This co-operation frequently continues after marriage with the resultant family budget and family council.

The increase of opportunities to study and work has moved up the average marrying age for girls from fifteen years to twenty or later in one generation. It has also prepared them to be real partners to their husbands and to carry their share of home responsibilities as well as to demand respect.

More education, plus the Christian training given by the evangelical churches, has added wisdom to the love that abounds in the Mexican home. An ignorant mother says: "God took my baby. I must have done something wicked that he would treat me so." When

"Here comes Daddy!" is good news in any language.

she becomes an educated Christian, she says: "I must prepare my child's food with care and not take him to my sister's where the children have measles. God expects me to do my part to protect him."

Whereas formerly a mother would give her little one harmful candy just because he cried for it and she loved him too much to refuse him, our churchwomen now realize that if parents love wisely they must sometimes say "No" to a child, just as God sometimes denies our whims. Eusebio used to make contracts with God, promising that, if God would cure his wife, he would prepare a group of men to do the old pagan Indian dances in front of each church on its saint's day, even though he had to deceive his employer in order to have time for it. But Eusebio, like many other Mexicans, has now learned about God's love and what really pleases him.

UNTIL RECENT YEARS, the place of the Mexican woman was very much in the home. First a girl was subject to her father;

after marriage she had to ask permission of her husband to visit friend or relative. Girls were accompanied to and from school. Young wives had to be chaperoned to the doctor's or dentist's office. In evangelical groups the present generation of women is allowed much more freedom. But most of them still ask permission of their husbands to go out, and they do so more often than the smallest lassie in the United States bothers to ask her parents.

Many young couples are still not allowed to go out together even after their engagement is announced. As they talk through the bars, they arrange to attend the same theater or movie at a certain time. Then the girl goes with her youngest aunt or some other sympathetic chaperon and sits discreetly just in front of her beloved. It is a thrill to be so close! Christian couples go out together with a small brother or sister accompanying them.

Even today the wedding does not always give a girl more freedom. Many wives stay at home and care

for the children and are seldom taken out. A double standard of judgment that allows a man to go and do as he pleases demands absolute purity of his wife. But Protestant couples, having studied, played, and worshiped together since childhood, usually continue seeking their recreation together after marriage. They attend the many functions of the church as a family group. They go together to basketball games. One of the nicest customs is the "Day in the Country," which means that the entire membership of a church or any other large group goes to the river for the day. Children wade and climb trees, young folks pair off, the energetic play baseball, and women chat as they watch over the little tots. When it is time to eat, the crowd separates into family groups so that each mother can feed her own, and the members of the family are brought together for the nicest part of the day.

FAMILIES TEND to be old-fashioned, but modern ideas crop out. Curly and Chela, recently married, have decided that they will both work till four in the afternoon and then do things together till bedtime. In order to get one of them to work on a hospital board, it was necessary to elect both because the members knew that together they would work enthusiastically but alone neither would be interested long.

Love of fiestas strongly influences family life in Mexico. When a family leaves the Catholic church and cannot present its precious new baby in silken robes to be baptized in the presence of adoring relatives and godparents, there is something lacking. What is lacking is dramatic and soul-stirring—a religious fiesta. To take its place, some churches encourage parents to present their babies in a ceremony that is really a dedication of the parents to the task of the Christian education of the infant. Weddings and the presentation of babies are two of the most joyful occasions in our churches.

(Continued on page 41.)

Mrs. Socorro de Castillo, performing a daily household task. She is watering the plants in the patio at the Morelos Social Center where the mission staff lives.



Though well-known for other achievements, Mary Alice Jones, who taught a Sunday school class at fourteen, will perhaps always be best loved for the little prayers she wrote for little children, because . . .



MARY ALICE JONES

SHE TAUGHT A GENERATION TO PRAY

LYING ON HIS BUNK in a forgotten outpost somewhere in Korea, a teen-age Marine whispers a prayer at close of day,

Forgive me, God, for things I do
That are not kind and good.
Forgive me, God, and help me try to do
The things I should.

It is a child's prayer but it is the only prayer he knows. He learned it when he was just beginning to read, from a dime-store book called *Prayers for Little Children*.

Mary Alice Jones, who taught a generation of American children to pray, little dreamed when she put together this little book in 1936 that the small boys who learned its simple words would be on police

duty for the United Nations before they grew old enough to vote.
Mary Alice, whose parents lived in Dallas, Texas, when she was born, reflects all the warmth and charm of her typical Southern background. Her whole face is radiant when she smiles, and her eyes sparkle when she tells a story to eager-faced children. Even a Texan accustomed to bragging might have hesitated to forecast that two and a half million copies of *Prayers for Little Children* would disappear from five- and ten-cent store counters as prayer-hungry parents sought help for their growing children.

Although she has never married, Mary Alice Jones has helped in the home training of unnumbered millions of children. Her eighteen books for children and seven more for parents and Sunday school teachers have made her name familiar in countless homes.

Her *Tell Me about God* is making it easier for more than 250,000 sets of parents to lead their children in Christian growth. They find additional help in the companion volumes *Tell Me about Jesus* and *Tell Me about the Bible*. Perhaps some day she will complete the set with still another, *Tell Me about Myself*.

In the spring of 1951 the Methodist Church called her to be Director of Children's Work. This, she smilingly describes as her "return to religion," for she had been book editor for Rand McNally for the previous six years. To her new assignment she brings a rich Christian background as well as the practical experience of editor-publisher.

She went to Rand McNally after serving for eight years as Director of Children's Work for the International Council of Religious Education (now the Division of Christian Education in the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.). She admits that "the prospect of sleeping in the same bed every night" lured her to settle down in Chicago with Rand McNally in 1945. During the previous eight years she had spoken in every state in the

The Children of the World

As I say my evening prayer
I would remember, dear God,
All the children of the world,
And ask your blessing on them all.
Some are hungry,
And some are cold,
And some are lonely and afraid.
Please help them, God.
Show them your love,
And help us all to know
How we may help each other.¹

MARY ALICE JONES

Today my mother baked a cake
And washed the baby's clothes
And cleaned the house and made the beds
And did so many things.
I helped her all I could,
But still my mother worked so hard
I'd think she'd feel all cross.
But when my daddy came from town
She said she'd had a happy day.
I wonder, God—do you suppose
It's loving us so much
That makes my mother work so hard
And never seem to mind?
And is it, God, because she knows
That You are working, too,
And helping her be strong and kind?¹

MARY ALICE JONES

United States except Nevada. It was while touring from conference to conference that she gathered ideas for *Tell Me about God*.

"They always asked the same question," she discovered as she talked with parents and Sunday school workers across the nation. "The book is," as she describes it, "really a distillation of experience." She dedicated the finished book to her niece, who, one suspects, had asked a few questions herself. Miss Jones probably had her niece in mind when she specified that to illustrate her books, the artists draw "normal, natural, and 'sorta' sweet children."

"Aunt Mary Alice" should be properly addressed as "Dr. Jones," for she earned her Ph.D. from Yale in 1936. Her M.A. degree was awarded by Northwestern University. At eighteen she was graduated from the University of Texas. Majoring in Elizabethan English, she had finished the four-year course in three years. Her first writing experience came while in college when she reported society news for *The Texan*, the first college daily paper in America.

A junior Sunday school lesson on Daniel was her first attempt at writing in the religious field, although she had been teaching Sunday school since she was

fourteen—an age which she considers far too young. At an Epworth League meeting, an alert editor heard her speak and asked her to try her hand at writing Sunday school lessons. She has been writing ever since.

Her enthusiasm for the church and the Christian faith she attributes to her mother who, at seventy-eight, still manages to teach a Sunday school class of one hundred fifty in Chattanooga and is mission study chairman for her Woman's Society of Christian Service. Mary Alice was born on a Sunday night in June, after her mother got home from the evening preaching service. She had gone to church over the protest of Papa Jones, whose attendance was only "under special compulsion."

Nashville, headquarters for American Methodism, is Dr. Jones's new home, now that she has taken over the mammoth job of Director of Children's Work. After a period of getting acquainted with her office staff, she took to the road again, visiting junior camps and teaching in laboratory schools across the country. She is responsible for planning children's curriculum, leadership training and programs for families. Her most recent editorial assignment was the preparation of a minister's manual to be used in preparation for church membership, which has just been published. If there is time, she plans to visit all the Methodist seminaries.

Although her name does not appear in *Who's Who in America*, Mary Alice Jones is one of the best-known names in Christian Education circles around the world. She was in charge of the program for children's work when the World Council of Christian Education met in Oslo. Her nearest approach to "fame" came on the eve of her departure for Oslo, when the *Chicago Tribune* carried a bold headline, "Thief Loses Shirt to Sunday School Worker." A purse-snatcher will never forget the irate Miss Jones who pursued him down five flights of stairs to retrieve her bag, which contained tickets for the trip and her "life's savings in Traveler's Cheques."

When she boarded the ship in New York on the following day, there were letters and telegrams from friends all over the country who had gotten the news by press and radio. An old friend wired, "After so long a time, when you finally caught a man, why did you let him go?"

In Oslo she met the King and Queen at a formal reception. Like any other American, Miss Jones shook hands with the King, despite the warning of a British lady who said, "Oh, Miss Jones, you don't touch royalty." The King was equal to the occasion and greeted each of his international guests in the same manner as he had greeted Dr. Jones.

Dr. Jones knows the bigness of the task that faces her at Nashville. A recent survey revealed that all Sunday school material written a decade ago is definitely undergraded and must be revised in the light of the problems and tensions of the present world

crisis. Children live in a world that confronts them with insuperable problems, for which even their parents are unprepared spiritually.

"The real remedy," says the experienced Dr. Jones, "is to help children know God. . . . To do the will of God is the only way to find peace and happiness." No one in America is better prepared to provide adequate spiritual guidance for another generation of children than Mary Alice Jones.

The prayers by Mary Alice Jones are used by permission of Rand McNally & Company, publishers. They are:

"The Children of the World," from *Tell Me About Prayer*, by Mary Alice Jones, page 71, copyright 1948 by Rand McNally.

"My Mother," from *My Own Book of Prayers*, edited by Mary Alice Jones, page 52, copyright 1938 by Rand McNally.

"For Our Home," from *Tell Me About Prayer*, page 72.

For Our Home

O God, our Father,

For our house, our food,

our health,

For all who serve our home,

We thank you.

For making us dear to

one another;

For the good times

we have together;

For Mother, Father,

Brother, Sister,

We thank you.

That you will help us every day

To show love and kindness

to one another,

That each one may think

of the other

And be ready to share and help,

We pray, dear God, our Father.¹

MARY ALICE JONES

A mother undertaking regular work away from home needs to know how to select someone to care for her children, and how to keep them from feeling neglected and insecure. With this information, she can face the question . . .

DO *working*

MEAN



Both parents need to show more affection for their children and to give more time to their children's pleasures.

MANY WOMEN—housewives and mothers—are finding it necessary to work outside the home to add to the family income. Either the husband's earnings are not equal to the high cost of living, or there are extras and replacements that the family needs. It is, in many cases, a regrettable decision for a mother to make, because of the adverse effects on the children, who cannot understand the necessity for their mothers to be absent from home.

Children develop attitudes, adopt habits, and acquire mannerisms which can be very annoying to a tired parent at the end of a busy day. Only too frequently does an exhausted mother, faced with household tasks and an overstimulated or cranky child, give in to the use of threats and even physical punishment. Such an at-

titude might easily lead to unpleasant developments in the relationship between parent and child.

A large percentage of juvenile court cases indicate a background of neglect on the part of the parents. Of course, not all these cases are traceable to working mothers, but they are not always blameless. A mother's decision to work may involve her child's health, his mental attitude and the relationship between child and parent. Children are easily led astray in their thinking by the fear that their parents no longer love them or by the feeling that they are not wanted. Constant friction, caused by too little time for companionship, can send a child into contrary behavior, which can develop, over a period of time, into activities outside the law. No parent desires

such a result. What precautions, then, can be taken to prevent this situation?

The care of the children may be a problem in the event that no obliging relative is available. A baby sitter can frequently be found as an answer to the problem. Here are a few qualifications to look for in the person who is to care for your child:

1. Is the person healthy, neat and clean? And, if the child is to be taken care of in the sitter's home, does she observe the fundamental rules of sanitation there? Your child's health should be of grave concern to you. A healthy child is happy, and of course, saves doctor bills, and loss of work and time for the parent. If the baby sitter has other children in her house, they may carry diseases to your child. This is not to be held against the sitter, but should be taken into consideration.

2. Has the baby sitter had experience in caring for children not her own? Personalities can clash if an adult cannot adjust to the new member of her family. One working mother engaged an elderly woman, but her little girl had hysterics every time she saw the woman; a second woman came, and the child refused to eat. Both baby sitters were elderly, unused to children, and unlearned in co-operative measures. A third trial at the home of the mother of three girls resulted in friendly, happy

mothers wayward children?

such an event enough to add a dollar to the weekly rate once in a while and thus aid the baby sitter in solving her problems. Any woman who plans to care for children in her home should be willing to abandon her routine occasionally for the benefit and happiness of her charges.

Your teen-age son or daughter presents a problem, also. While he needs less supervision than a younger child, there are certain decisions to be made. Should he

days for the child. A baby sitter should be mature, but not too old to understand the ways of children. Too young a person is not desirable for constant care, because of lack of responsibility and experience.

3. Is the baby sitter equipped to meet any emergency? If she takes care of the child in her own home, she should have a telephone, the parent's number, and the name and number of a good doctor. Find out whether she has had any training in first aid.

Your child's personality and social and intellectual development must be taken into consideration. Certain factors will determine the wisdom of your choice of baby sitter. The presence of other children in her home usually makes a newcomer feel more comfortable. The first few days are the most difficult because of the strangeness of the surroundings. A child of school age needs to know there is a welcome for him at the baby sitter's home, also. Amusements to fit the age of the child should be provided, although frequently, if the child carries his own familiar toys with him, he feels more at home. Coloring books, story books, dolls, tricycles, or other favorite items help the time to pass more easily.

Some children require more discipline than others; some will resent punishment. It should be agreed between the parent and the

baby sitter that some form of control can be employed when necessary. Of course, severe beatings or other physical mistreatment are not to be tolerated, and a good baby sitter will have other methods of training her charges. I myself have found that including the children in the sitter's activities, perhaps planning a day just for their enjoyment, often pays dividends in the days following such an event: Perhaps they could go on a trip to the zoo, an outdoor picnic, a shopping tour or, if a car, trolley or bus is available, on a ride to the country. Expense must be kept to a minimum, but most parents will appreciate the value of

be locked out of his own home, or should he carry a key while you worry about the damage his friends may do to your possessions? Can he be trusted at all times to do the proper things? The younger teens (below fifteen) probably should know some neighbor to whom they can turn in a difficulty. Responsibility comes from years of training, and if you have repeatedly emphasized care of another's possessions, carefulness in the event of danger, thoughtfulness in each activity, quite possibly your older child can get along in the few hours after school without being supervised by an adult.

(Continued on page 42.)

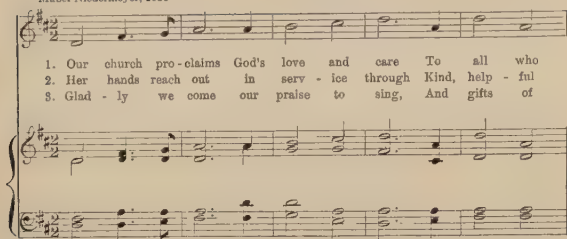
Any activity that is shared will reassure the children of their parents' concern and love for them.



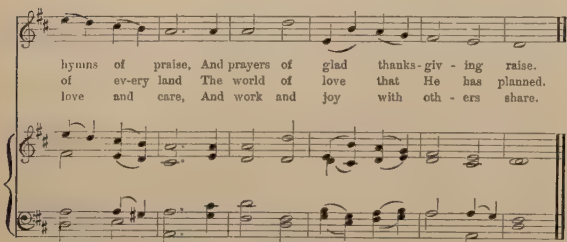
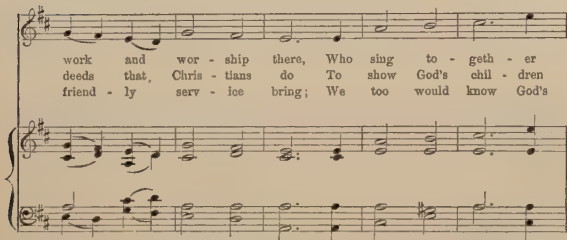
Mabel Niedermeyer, 1939

TRURO

T. Williams' "Psalmody Evangelica," 1789



with You



Words copyright, 1940, by Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.
Alternative tune, "Duke Street," number 91.

From *Hymns for Junior Worship*. Westminster Press, 1940.
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For the Workers of the World

For the workers of the world,
We would bring our thanks to Thee.
For the workers of the land,
For the workers on the sea.
For the workers everywhere
We would bring our thanks to Thee.

For the beauty in the world
We would ever give Thee praise,
For the beauty of the land,
For the beauty of the days,
For the beauty people make
We would ever give Thee praise.

For our friends throughout the world,
Father, we would worship Thee.
Friends no matter what their race,
Friends wherever they may be.
For these friends, our brothers all,
Father, we would worship Thee.¹

—DORIS CLORE DEMAREE

¹From *Juniors*. Copyright, Judson Press. Used by permission.

FRIENDS AND

Children today know more about the various countries and peoples of the world than they have known at any other time in history. Television, movies, radio, books and travel have been instrumental in giving them this knowledge. But their knowledge of other countries does not guarantee that they will have desirable attitudes toward the people of those countries; neither does it create prejudice.

The attitudes of our children largely reflect our own. However important it is, then, that our own attitudes instill within our children not just the tolerance of people of other races and creeds but a genuine appreciation and love for them. There are many ways parents can encourage and help build these Christian attitudes. One very specific way is to obtain books which give a true picture of people in other countries.

First Week—ONE FAMILY

Bible Verses to Use

Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7. (K)²

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—1 John 4:11. (P)

Let us not love in word or speech but in deed and in truth.—1 John 3:18. (J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"One Family." (K, P)

"Children Living Round the Globe." (P, J)

"Friendship Song." (P, J)

Songs from *The Whole World Singing* and PPB.

Stories and Books to Read

We Gather Together, by Grace W. McGavran. (P, J)

People Are Important, by Eva Knox Evans. (P, J)

You and the United Nations, by Lois Fisher. (P, J)

Stories from PPB.

Things to Do

Children's Games from Many Lands, by Nina Millen.

Prayer

We are glad for friends. Thank you, God. (N)

Second Week—GOOD NEIGHBORS

Bible Verses to Use

They help every one his neighbor.—Isaiah 41:6. (P)

Be kind to one another.—Ephesians 4:32. (K)

A friend loveth at all times.—Proverbs 17:17. (K)

Poems and Songs to Use

"For the Workers of the World." (J)

Bible Stories

"Ruth Finds New Friends" (based on Ruth 2:1-9; 14-17).
MBL, 83. (K)

²Abbreviations used: N—Nursery (3-year-olds); P—Primary (6-8 years); K—Kindergarten (4-5 years); J—Juniors (9-11 years); CW—*Christian Worship*; MBL—*My Bible Leaflet*; PPB—*Primary Pupil's Book*.

Children



THE WORLD

These may be secured from your church, school or public library. Read these together in a family group. Learn some songs and games which are enjoyed in other countries. These, too, can be obtained from a library if you do not have them at your home.

On these pages you will find poems and songs which are intended to help create a friendly feeling toward children in other lands, and to lead to moments of worship when you and your child are thinking of how God loves everyone. Some parents like suggested patterns for the use of worship materials. Such suggestions are given here. These arrangements are only a few of many possibilities. You will want to select and rearrange them for you and your children.

'Friends Help Each Other' (based on Mark 2:1-5; 11-12a), MBL, 84. (K)

Prayer

Thank you, God, for the workers of the world. Help us to be good neighbors to all people. Amen. (K)

Third Week—THE SAME LORD IS LORD OF ALL

able Verses to Use

The same Lord is Lord of all.—Romans 10:12. (P)

ems and Songs to Use

See First and Second Weeks

Prayer

Dear God, we thank you for your love and care. We are glad you love all children everywhere. Help us to love them too. Amen. (P)

Fourth Week—SHARING WITH FRIENDS

able Verses to Use

God loves a cheerful giver.—2 Corinthians 9:7. (P)

Go into all the world, and preach the gospel.—Mark 16:15. (P)

'In all things I have shown you that by so toiling one must help the weak, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'''—Acts 20:35. (J)

ems and Songs to Use

'Our Church.' (J)

Prayer

Help us, dear God, to share with our friends around the world. We want to share with them the story of Jesus and his great love. We would also send them gifts that they may know of your love and ours and that they may have a happier life. Amen. (J)

Children Living Around the Globe

Children living round the globe,
Across the sea we call;
We are all one family,
The Father loves us all.

He wants His children to be friends,
And understand each other;
He wants us to be tolerant
And call each child our brother.

For us, He made the rolling sea
And all the world so fair,
He made the mountains, and the lakes
For all of us to share.

He gives us schools and Sunday schools,
And homes where children live;
Whatever gifts we ask of Him
Our loving Lord will give.

He made the sun to give us light,
He made the stars above;
He made us one big family
And filled the world with love.

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

Friendship Song

All children who live in distant lands
With joyful song we greet!
Hold out to us your friendly hands
Our circle to complete.
In countries far and countries near
One family are we.
The voice of friendship now we hear
'Cross continent and sea.

Then, boys and girls, as in our play
Around the world we go,
With mind and heart we'll try today
Each other's lands to know.
And when our time for playing flies,
And when our childhood ends,
May we, grown older and more wise,
Be firm and loyal friends.³

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

One Family

Children far across the sea
Have a different name;
They speak a different tongue from mine
But our laughter is the same.

To one big family we belong,
The meek, the wise, the small.
Our speech may differ, or our dress,
But our Father loves us all!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

³From *The Whole World Singing*, compiled by Edith Lovell Thomas, page 45. Copyright, 1950, by the Friendship Press. Used by permission.

Fourth Sister's Gift

What do you think Fourth Sister's needle sang as she pulled it in and out, in and out? It sang, "Can do! Can do! Can do!" But why?



BIG SISTER was painting a picture frame with red, blue, and green stars. Second Sister was sewing bits of bright cloth together to make a pin ball. Third Sister was using her crayons to color big red peonies on the outside of a needle case. All of them were making gifts for Mother's birthday.

Only four-year-old Fourth Sister had no gift. She had thought and thought, but everything she thought of was either almost like what one of her sisters was already making, or it was something Mother already had.

She watched her sisters working. "I wish I could make Mother a lovely present," she said.

"You're too little to paint," Big Sister said.

"You're too little to sew," Second Sister said.

"You're too little to color nicely with crayons," Third Sister said.

It was true. Fourth Sister's fingers were very stupid. She had to confess that she couldn't sew or paint, and her crayons were sure to make marks where she didn't want them to go. But there were only two more weeks, and she wanted very, very much to give Mother a lovely present.

Great Uncle was sitting in the sun outside the door, making baskets. He was very old and rather deaf, but while the other girls were at school, Fourth Sister often sat with him, and he told her stories about when he was a little boy. She and Great Uncle were good friends.

"I wish I knew something to make for Mother's birthday," she told him.

Great Uncle said nothing. Perhaps he had not heard her. Fourth Sister sat quietly and watched

his busy fingers. He was just finishing a basket. Whenever he had finished eight or ten, he would carry them to the market and sell them. Great Uncle earned enough for his food, all right. His baskets were made of split reeds which he gathered and prepared. Some days Fourth Sister went with him while he gathered reeds from the ravine by the west field.

Great Uncle pulled the end of the last reed through and fastened it firmly. He got up slowly and carried this basket to put with the others.

"Come, Fourth Sister, we'll get the materials for your mother's gift. We'll make it together, you and I, and the two of us will give it to her."

Fourth Sister jumped up and down. She was going to have a gift for Mother, too! But what was it going to be?

Great Uncle took her hand and they started out the gate, past the pagoda, and toward the west field. As they trudged along, they watched a flock of white pigeons wheeling against the blue sky. Fourth Sister loved the shrill tones of the pigeon whistles.

When they came to the place where the reeds grew, Great Uncle said, "I must gather reeds for another basket, but I'll show you how to gather leaves, and we'll make your mother a mat to put the teapot on. Haven't you noticed that the old one is worn out?"

Fourth Sister hadn't noticed, but now that he mentioned it, she remembered that it was all ragged at the edges.

Great Uncle showed her how to pull off the long thin leaves of the reeds. She had to reach up as high as she could, and pull hard, but she could do it. Sometimes one of them broke, and then she would have to find another. When she had pulled off a good one, she laid it on a little pile that she made; then she got another, and another, and another.

Great Uncle was cutting his reeds. By the time he had as many as he wanted, she had as many leaves as she could carry in both hands.

(Continued on page 41.)

By ALICE MARGARET HUGGINS

Ronny's Discovery

*Spotty was ready to play ball and
Ronny wouldn't play. Even though
a dog can't know everything,
Spotty did know that something
was wrong*



Ronny hurried to the back fence.

RONNY RAN to pick up the marble lying on the smooth green grass. He forgot that he had come out to play with Spotty, the dog, because the marble lying on his palm was so pretty. It had many colors, like a rainbow, and in the bright sunlight it sparkled.

"You are mine," cried Ronny, "because I found you right here in my own back yard." Of course Ronny knew the marble did not really belong to him. But he wanted it very much.

It looked lovelier than all his marbles when he went into the house to get them. He wanted to take them into the yard where it was sunny and pleasant, but he had a queer feeling inside of him. Some of the other boys might come in to play with him and they would see the marble. He could say it was his. But that would not be the truth. So he played in the house and did not have a good time at all. Finally, he put the marbles away in their box, the new one with them, though he pushed it down under the others.

When he came out in the yard, Spotty ran toward him, expecting a romp. But Ronny didn't feel like playing. He rubbed the dog's head and sat down on the grass. Spotty must have known that something was troubling Ronny because he sat down, too, and waited patiently.

"It is mine, Spotty," said Ronny, "because I found it, didn't I?"

Spotty barked his approval and licked Ronny's hand. Just then Bobby, from next door, two years old, ran out with his hand tightly closed. When he

reached the low fence, he opened his hand and dropped something into Ronny's yard. He laughed, clapped his hands and turned to chase a yellow butterfly.



Ronny hurried to see what the baby had thrown into the yard and was he surprised! It was another marble exactly like the one he had found earlier. He held it in his hand a moment. It sure was pretty! But Ronny turned to the waiting dog. "Stay there a minute, Old Fellow," he said, "then I'll come back and play ball with you." He went straight to his box of marbles and picked up the new one. He held the two in his hand. They were exactly alike!

As Ronny came out of the house, Mrs. Smith opened her door to call Bobby. Ronny hurried to the fence. "Oh, Mrs. Smith," he called, "are these Jack's marbles? I found one this morning and just a minute ago your Bobby threw the other into our yard."

"Why, they certainly are!" replied Mrs. Smith. "Jack will be so glad you found them. You see, yesterday was his birthday and his uncle sent him these twins. Thank you, Ronny, very much."

"That's okay, Mrs. Smith. I'm glad I found them, too."

He ran back to Spotty, who was waiting with the ball between his teeth. They had a fine game. When both were tired, they stretched out on the grass to rest.

"It sure is nice to feel good inside, isn't it, Spotty?" said Ronny. And the dog barked joyously.

By ETHEL LAWRENCE



Dr. E. Stanley Jones, 68-year-old missionary evangelist, has just completed a preaching tour in 27 American cities, is now on a preaching tour of Scandinavia and India, and will return to America for a series of spiritual retreats.

Dr. Arthur Judson Brown on his 95th birthday. He is an active member of the executive committees of two church world peace organizations. For 34 years he was Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.



A. D. HARMON, formerly President of the Board of Directors of the Ministers' Life and Casualty Union, knows the problems aging ministers face. His suggestions may help laymen, too.

TO THE AVERAGE person the subject of the time of retirement suggests Mark Twain's remark about the weather: "Everybody talks about it but few do anything about it." However, the rapid advent of pensions, especially in professional and industrial fields, together with government social security, has brought retirement into sharp focus. Still the date of retirement for many people is a matter of personal decision because most people are not included in adequate pension systems.

Except for a few people, such as corporation executives and high-salaried producers, pensions do not assure adequate competence for retirement. Determining the time of retirement is, then, more than checking a date on the calendar. It must be definitely planned for as a part of life and not as a vacuum attached to the end. The time may in some cases be a matter of personal predilection, but the how is more arbitrary, for it involves the matter of subsistence. So the basic problem of when and how to retire is still with us.

the WHEN and HOW

Most persons treat the question of the time and how of retirement furtively. In their thinking, the time of retirement is not in sharp perspective, and the date is a psychological will-o-the-wisp, always in the distance. They have inadequate savings with which to face it.

There is, perhaps, no group that needs to become realistic on the matter of retirement more than preachers and full-time church workers. There are definite reasons for this. In the first place, their income is not comparable with that received by persons of equal training in other occupations. Besides, their expenses for subsistence are greater. They therefore do not have and cannot expect to have resources adequate to indemnify themselves against the hazards of old age. Secondly, preachers and full-time church employees, according to statistics, are prone to continue in their callings longer than those in other lines. The reasons for this are obvious upon reflection. Their personal habits are conducive to health and longevity. As a result, they are preferred risks with insurance companies. They escape more largely than many groups the hazards of ill health due to dissipation and industrial mishaps.

But this is no final cushion against the hazards of age, for after a certain point is reached, age and salary work in reverse ratio. Each year that a minister adds to his age beyond the zenith of his powers, tends to decrease his efficiency and to reduce the demand for his services.

ANOTHER THING that psychologically tends to keep ministers of the church from indemnifying themselves against old age is that they never learned to look to material things for security to the degree that laymen do. They do not look to money as the reward for their efforts. A person who enters the service of the church to make money does not have the qualifications to make a good minister. As a rule, subsistence is the straight edge from which salaries are reckoned. There is a modicum of truth in the old story of the deacon in a pastorless church who was praying the dear Lord to send his church a poor and humble preacher. At this point in his prayer he paused, and then concluded, "No, Lord, just send us a humble preacher. We will keep him poor." The satisfactions of service well rendered are the preacher's greatest pay. But these have no market value. A minister cannot hock them for "hog and hominy." When he reaches the period of nonproductivity he is too often a resourceless and pathetic figure. But let us assume that church and



Rep. Charles A. Eaton, 84 years old, will retire from the U. S. Congress in January, after having been a member longer than any other clergyman in the nation's history. He had served as pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, and of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York. He also became known as a labor mediator, and a newspaper and magazine writer.

RETIREMENT

secular employees are adequately underwritten for old age. When, then, should they retire?

There is not and cannot be an exact calendar date for retirement. Physical and mental reserves of energy are not the same for all men born on the same date. But chronological age cannot be ignored, for there does come a time when "the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be." There are some gentle and subtle signs, however, that give definite, admonitory hints as to the time for retirement.



There are many signs a preacher's wife can read. May he give their repetition a faithful ear.

HOWEVER, RETIREMENT, properly approached, whether for preacher or layman, should never be thought of as a cessation of activity. That would spell stagnation and inward decay. The relation of longevity to activity is well illustrated by the fate of the farmer who retired to the county seat and died a few years later. It might well be written on his gravestone, "He died of an overdose of retirement." Nature says to all men, "Stay in life or get out of it." It is imperative, therefore, that one face accumulating years with a plan that recognizes their handicaps and one that endeavors to provide for a profitable, productive future.

Retirement, if well planned, is progressive. It should be planned in two stages. It begins by adjusting the load to the diminishing steam in the engine. But how is this to be done? Well, for the ministry there is a shortage of preachers in all denominations. There are vacant small town and country churches all over the land. Their major problems are the

"The Little Brown Church in the Vale," at Nashua, Iowa, might well typify the kind of church a minister would want after years of service in a large metropolitan church.

lack of experienced leadership and of competent direction. Surveys show that rural churches need the very assets that a man facing the first stage of

(Continued on page 42.)

Here is a simple but potent remedy, available to everyone and at no cost whatever, to prevent husband and wife from drifting apart into two separate worlds. It will enable them to keep the marriage vows they so earnestly made.

THE POWER



Any burden is lightened by the sharing of it.

THERE IS GREAT POWER in the tongue—in the tongues of the leaders of the nations, in the tongue that asked you, “Will you marry me?” or the one that answered, “Yes!”

That tongue last mentioned had atomic power, for it started a chain reaction that has not yet ended. Look at the home about you for evidence of the continued action. Or perhaps that chain reaction did stop, and stop abruptly, as the tongue with its power uttered those words of earthquake-shock intensity, “I want a divorce!”

One day, as an observer, I saw the tragic effects of those words. A man came to me saying that he wanted to divorce his wife and marry his secretary. He had been married sixteen years and there were now two teen-age children in the family. Of course, I wondered why, after sixteen years, he should want a divorce.

He told me that his wife was not interested in his work, and that her whole world consisted of the house and the two children. She was not interested in books or music or art as he was. They lived in

two completely different worlds, he said; they did not think alike or talk alike. He wanted to marry his secretary because she was interested in his work and she loved books, art and music as he did. In short, he concluded that he and his secretary were made for each other and that his present marriage was a complete mistake.

I ignored the angelic secretary entirely as I probed further into the situation and explored his home life of some ten years ago. I found that through the years, where his wife was concerned, his tongue had been very weak. This seemed rather strange. The man was an executive in the business world and, as such, had often spoken to groups of people and to individuals. But he did not speak to his wife. At least, he did not speak to her in the right way. He did not speak to her or with her using the *full* power of the tongue.

I AM AMAZED at the number of people I come upon who do not use their tongues at home. Recently, a wife of some ten years told me that she had never confided in her husband until just lately. A long and serious illness had forced her to change her attitude and to come to this decision. While convalescing, she came to the conclusion that her illness might have been avoided, or at least greatly shortened, had she told her husband of her feelings at the very beginning.

OF THE TONGUE

This reticence is the key to the plot of many of the radio serials of today. The ones to which I have listened run from one tragic climax to another, and in practically every instance either the husband or the wife is pictured as being very brave and gallant by protecting his or her mate as he or she keeps some kind of information from the other. Or there is some suspicion growing in the mind of the wife or the husband concerning the other, and the plot shows the growth and final explosion of this unshared inward tension. The utter inconsistency of it all is that the husband or the wife will talk to practically everyone in the town about the problem but will not talk to his or her mate about it.

For some years I refused to believe that these radio serials even approximated true-to-life family situations. However, after becoming acquainted with the two situations mentioned above and some dozen others, I have been forced to change my opinion. It has been proved to me that the typical radio serial in which the husband has the attitude, "I'll take it on the chin alone and spare dear Mary," is truer to life than I had dared imagine. Many, many are the families that do not have a spirit of complete confidence, harmony, or unity about them; yet, every family is thought of as being a unit in itself.

This idea of unity is clearly fixed at the very beginning, as each family is established. In the marriage ceremony is to be found the statement, in one form or another, "These two are now one." The ceremony also mentions that this unity is recognized by the laws of the state in which the ceremony is performed. But the law has never, throughout the course of history, worked any real miracle, and the fact that the married couple are now one under the law does not make it so. But what the law cannot accomplish, the tongue can accomplish.

The only possible way for two separate human bodies to be united on this earth is by the spirit, which is one way of saying that the two must think alike and feel alike. This includes seeing the same things and seeing them in the same light; doing the same things and enjoying them equally; liking the same clothes, food, recreation, church, etc. This, of course, is a picture of the ideal, but it is within the power of the tongue to work the miracle that will make this ideal picture become the real picture. I have seen this power at work.

I STATE A NEW FACT: *The mouth is the window of the soul.* This contradicts the statement that the eyes are the windows of the

soul, and I believe the contradiction is valid. You can look at a person's eyes for hours and all you will see is your own reflection, not only physically but mentally, for you will see and gather only the impression that you formulate in your own mind. But when the mouth is opened, when the tongue begins to speak, then you begin to see what lies behind those eyes. The true doctors of the mind are psychiatrists, who look at the mind through lengthy investigations, listening to the tongue as it reveals the mind and the soul of the patient.

Therefore, in order to have complete harmony in the family, in order to make the family one, I suggest that husband and wife and, where they are present, children, talk things over. I mean everything, for nothing is too large nor is anything too small to escape the magic power of the tongue. Strange that it should be necessary to suggest such a simple thing as that a husband and wife should talk together, when they see each other every day and do talk together. But I raise the question of how they talk to one another and of what they talk about.

IN PRACTICALLY ALL modern families the husband is away all day, while the wife stays at home. At the end of the day, each feels a desire to withdraw from what has been pressing in upon him or her throughout that day. This feeling is stronger some days than others, of course, depending upon the specific problems they have faced, but a habit pattern is easily set up which gradually grows into a fixed attitude.

When the husband comes home he wants to forget his work and is consciously reluctant to enter into any conversation with his wife about that work. The wife, too, desires a change and, if there are any children, turns them completely over to the father for discipline, care, and entertainment, and tries to enter into some discussion with her husband about business matters. However, she finds him unwilling to discuss the day's work.

The result is that she does not talk about the world she has been in all day and he does not talk about the one he has been in all day. They are living in two separate worlds with no bridge of contact between them, unless it be the radio, television, movies, or the church. In this situation recreation is much too shallow to hold the family together. Too, the church, in this relationship, is simply another diversion or form of recreation and as such cannot hold the family together.

The husband finally comes to the decision reached by the man mentioned above. He feels that his wife does not understand him, is not interested in his work, cares only for the house and the children, and that she has no soul for art, music, or books, as he thinks he has. In short, he concludes, they are not made for each other and he turns to his secretary who, seemingly, understands him. The wife, on the other hand, becomes suspicious of his love and begins criticizing and nagging him in everything he does or does not do.

The tongue, with its miraculous power, could have prevented all this by melting the two worlds into one world. When the husband comes home the quickest way for him to relieve the tensions of the day's work is by talking about

them. Any burden is lightened by the sharing of it. Then comes the sharing of the problems or the events of the day on the part of the wife. Problems and tense situations become light and even become matters to be laughed at as they are retold. But the most important thing about this lively conversation is that the two separate bodies are becoming one spiritual body. The two worlds are being melted into one, and the children of the home feel the companionship of sharing on the part of their parents.

THIS USE OF THE TONGUE must continue through the years. Nothing must escape its magic power. It is a natural thing in life for one's interests to change as one grows from year to year. That growth must be shared with one's mate or the result will be a growing apart and not a growing together.

Of course, joys are to be shared. A good laugh together always lightens the day and, moreover, joys are the easiest things to share. But do not overlook worries and fears. These are to be shared, also. Do not be the victim of the fiendish idea that you can protect your mate from worrying simply by keeping your fears to yourself. Chances are that he is worrying

about the same thing or that he will soon begin to worry simply because you are worrying. Protection and strength come through facing problems together. A united front is a strong front. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

Therefore, share your worries and your fears, also your doubts and your jealousies. And as you share them, they will melt away as the dew before the morning sun. The quickest way to remove a doubt or a jealousy is to bring it out into the open. Of course, this must again be done in an attitude of understanding love. In this situation, the tongue must be at its strongest, and I maintain that it is strongest as it speaks through love seeking understanding. The tongue is weakest as it acts through lack of love.

Husband and wife must also face problems of health and of death together, with this talking-togetherness. I have heard many individuals say, "I just cannot bring myself to talk about death"; yet, here they were, talking to me about it and to others, but not to their mates. It is within the power of the tongue to talk about anything, and as sickness and death are faced with this talking-togetherness, the dread and fear of the situation are removed and a bit of joy begins to take hold as the couple feels the great strength of active, understanding love. If problems and fears should continue to persist after husband and wife have talked them over, they should go to church, to the minister. There, in the nearer presence of God, peace will be found as they make use of the great power of the tongue that Jesus employed as he revealed to one and all the more abundant life.

This more abundant life is found as one individual is completely united with another spiritually. And it is multiplied one hundred-fold as the family continues to grow until it becomes one with God. This miracle can be worked by any husband and wife, by any mother and father and children if they will but take advantage of the great power of the tongue.

All in the Family

By **HAROLD HELFER**

The ten Westerman brothers of Elgin, Illinois, have formed a bowling team for the past twenty-two consecutive years.

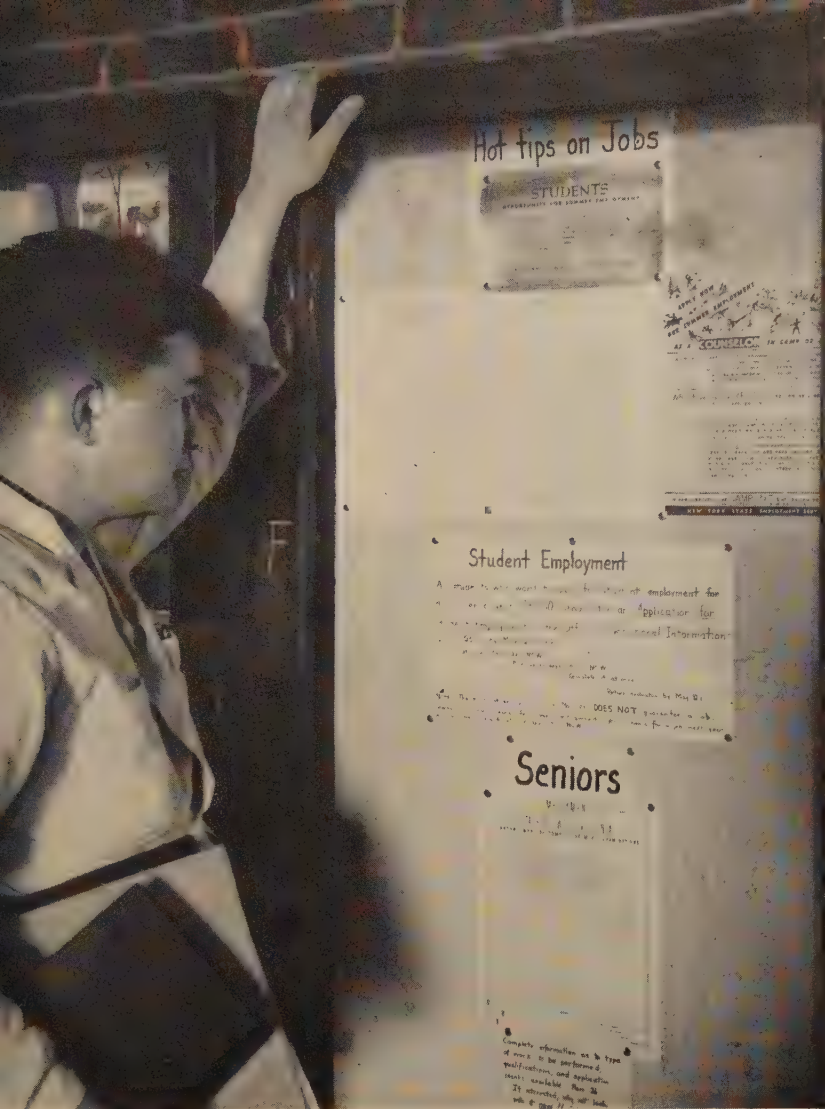
When it comes to family members in the same military outfit, the Twenty-eighth Infantry Division at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, has twenty-five GI's who can say "Hi, Dad!" to fellow soldiers and mean it.

A Solomon was needed by a Hartford, Connecticut, draft board to decide in the case of farm twins. Both Donald I. and Edward W. Oppenheimer were employed on their father's farm and one had to be deferred. Their dad

was asked who was more valuable at home. He couldn't say. Finally, the board tapped Donald because he had signed up for the draft just ahead of his brother.

When Wilson H. Hornberger, Baltimore, was bitten on the leg by a copperhead snake, his nine-year-old son Billy sucked the poison from the wound. The father recovered.

Helen Van Halsema, Hudsonville, Michigan, is the tenth member of her family to attend Calvin College. Her parents and her seven older brothers and sisters are graduates of the school.



While searching for a position, many young people are greatly frustrated because doors fail to open in the direction of their chosen vocation.

The Family in Tragedy

*Parents have a natural desire
to protect their children in
times of trouble, but escapist
measures are not the ones
recommended by*

R. EDWARD DOWDY

I WOULD rather not go back to college in September than lie in order to get a job for the summer." It was the serious voice of a teenage girl in blue jeans who was talking to me as we roasted hot dogs over the dying embers of a campfire in Washington's Rock Creek park. She was home from college and had come back to the "Crusaders"—a teen-age group.

At that particular time in Washington there were job vacancies in most of the government agencies. Wherever she applied, this attractive, intelligent girl had been offered a position—a permanent position. When she explained that she would be going back to college in the fall, every door closed. "We can't take temporary employees.

If you will be permanent you can start tomorrow."

"I'd rather not go back to college than lie in order to get a job for the summer." Frankly, I was proud of her because I know too many adults who would be willing to lie a little to get a job. Her honesty reflected years of Christian development in a home where parents were concerned with spiritual values.

For three years I worked with a group of teen-age boys and girls. They met in my study on Sunday nights. Each Friday evening we had a planned recreational program. As we worked together and played together, I came to appreciate the problems they faced, and shared their anxieties. I learned

that there are few problems of maturity that are not also the problems of the teen-agers.

"Why should I finish high school?" they ask. "I'll be drafted in a few months, anyway."

"Why shouldn't we get married now? What if we are only 18? If I'm old enough to be a soldier, why should I need my parent's permission to get married?"

"Why shouldn't we drink? Everybody's doing it. Why shouldn't we?"

THESE ARE SOME of the questions that came my way as I drove my blue Chevy piled high with eight or ten teen-agers. How

would you have answered? They wanted the right answers desperately—honest, thoughtful answers.

I found my teen-agers willing to let me take them to the Bible for ultimate answers. Some had heard their parents quote Romans 8:28: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to his purpose." They did not know any such thing, and were quick to say so. They doubted that their parents really believed that they read in the King James translation of that verse.

One of the group looked up Romans 8:28 in the new Revised Standard Version and found a much more understandable text: "We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him, who are called according to his purpose." That seemed much more reasonable to them. It answered their question of "Why?" As we came to understand that tragedy is the common lot of mankind, we came to see that the knowledge of God's activity makes a difference.

It is easy for a high school boy to become fatalistic. When war disrupts the whole world and demands a million youth as a living sacrifice, it is all too easy to say, "Oh, what's the use?" With the proper Christian background, this same high school boy can be led to see the reality of sin that lies at the bottom of war's desolation. While we are confessing our sins we need to be constantly reminded that God is still working for the good, even in the midst of war.

Being thoroughly committed to Christ does not protect a family from the succession of tragedies that come to all families. There is scarcely a family that has not faced some major emergency within the past five years. Serious illness, polio, automobile accidents, loss of a job, sharp cut in income during a strike—these are known to all. The only difference lies in the way the family reacts.

A TIME OF CRISIS reveals the depth of spiritual preparedness. There is nothing more pathetic than an individual or a family facing some major calamity with no

spiritual resources. They are like a frail craft in the path of a storm at sea. Destruction is almost inevitable. The wise parents have been making spiritual preparation across all the years for the temptations that beset the teen-agers. When the storms of adolescence break, the Christian youth will be adequately prepared to ride out the storm safely.

If unemployment comes, the whole family should share its responsibility. Sheer honesty is the best policy. If there isn't enough money to buy gas for the family car, the high school youngsters ought to know it and act accordingly. They ought not be denied the use of the car without being told the real reason. The whole family ought to share in the experience of crisis. They will be closer to one another because of the experience. Parents should not put up a brave front trying to conceal the real problem from their children.

MENTAL ILLNESS is becoming increasingly a family problem. It needs some Christian understanding. All too often when a member of a family becomes mentally ill, that person is put out of the family conversation entirely. Not long ago a young girl was in my study. She had spent several months in St. Elizabeth Hospital, our finest mental hospital in Washington. Her own sister had never been told that she was mentally sick. Her neighbors thought she

was in school in another state. Mother and father never wrote to her while she was in the hospital.

When the doctors had completed treatment and she was ready to be dismissed from the hospital, the situation at home was so abnormal that she felt she could not return. Had her family faced up to their Christian responsibility and taken her illness as they would have taken any other kind of illness, that girl could have returned to the security of home when she desperately needed it. We have come a long way from the old misunderstanding about mental illness when patients were locked up and forgotten. Christians, of all people, ought to be understanding and come to know the vital part that a deep religious faith has in the cure and prevention of mental disorders.

TEEEN-AGERS need to understand that not all tragedy as they see it will be considered tragedy in the long run. While they are searching for a vocation, many young people are greatly frustrated because doors fail to open in the direction of their chosen vocation. I know that from personal experience. In high school I was determined to follow some scientific vocation. I applied for an Edison fellowship and was assured that it would be mine, only to discover that I was not eligible. That door was shut, but another opened and I headed in the direction of law. In the final semester of my college preparation that door was slammed. All along God had been urging me in the direction of the Christian ministry. It took these tragedies to make me see clearly his purpose for my life.

Not long ago I spent considerable time with a student who was struggling with a vocational problem. As he was leaving my study he said, "I can see now that God does not shut one door without opening another." He was saying in different words what Paul was trying to say to those early Christians who faced the common tragedies of life. "We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him."



Family Counselor



Dr. George W. Crane

Be consistent when you train children, as well as puppies. But many parents handicap their children by promoting mental confusion. They change the rules too often. Animal trainers should make topnotch child psychologists.

Question: When our fourth child, Danny, was two and a half years old, he accompanied us to the farm that spring.

Mrs. Crane took him and the older children for a walk through the woods and fields. They gathered wild flowers, including dandelions, violets, marsh marigolds, Dutchman's-breeches, and others.

But Mrs. Crane had to pay for her folly. For Danny began picking her domesticated flowers from the garden and lawn flower beds. Despite reprimands, he kept bringing her handfuls of blossoms. Why?

Answer: Because he learned to pick flowers on this stroll through the fields while we were at the farm. Previous to that time he had admired flowers, and would even stoop to smell their fragrance.

But he didn't pick them, for he, apparently, hadn't thought of that, nor did he know how. Even when he saw the others plucking the wild flowers, he didn't know exactly how to do it, so his mother went out of her way to show him that he must pluck them with long stems.

CHILDREN ARE CONSISTENT

Children would be much less naughty if we adults were not so inconsistent. On this occasion, Danny was actually taught to pick

flowers. He was praised for the large handful of posies which he offered his mother.

A few days later Danny was reprimanded for doing the same thing. Why shouldn't he be confused by the sudden turn of events? But he recalled that his mother was pleased with his earlier bouquet; so he headed right back to the flower beds for a larger handful, possibly hoping this would appease his mother.

Children cannot make the logical distinctions which are easily within the grasp of older youngsters and adults.

PARENTS AND ANIMAL TRAINERS

Danny didn't make a definite distinction between "cultivated" flowers and "wild" flowers. Nor should we expect a youngster of his age to show such precise logical discriminations.

For he was at the age of broad, major categories. Perhaps all colorful vegetation emitting fragrance was simply classified in his mind under the general heading "flowers." His mother thereafter had to teach him the sub-headings "tame" versus "wild" flowers.

In a similar connection, a friend of mine was protesting because his little girl tore his medical books and was otherwise destructive to his library volumes.

Whose fault was it? Not primarily hers!

For those parents had encouraged the little girl to tear up old magazines in order to procure desired pictures therein. And she was given complete liberty to color

all the old magazines with her crayons.

This child did not distinguish between old magazines and new ones, nor between magazines and books. She saw her parents reading from both types of printed medium. They were synonymous to her juvenile mind.

In training seals or dogs, ponies, or young children, a basic rule is to be consistent. Reward the right action and penalize the wrong.

If you confuse a dog or a child by rewarding a certain action today and penalizing it tomorrow, how can the child or the dog avoid confusion?

Moreover, don't expect an adult's logical deductions and inferences from a toddler. Make his education easy for him by being consistent. If you want him to treat your books with respect, then educate him to do the same with magazines, too, both the old ones as well as the new.

To improve your batting average as a good modern parent, send for my 100-point "Test for a Good Father," enclosing a 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus a dime.

Here is one of the gravest psychological problems in America, but the very organizations best fitted to deal with it are ignoring it. Be sure to read this case carefully, and if you aren't married, follow the instructions below.

Question (from Alicia D., aged 29, an attractive brunette):

"Dr. Crane, two years ago I lost my husband in an automobile crash," she said.

"I've tried to rebuild my life since then, although I thought I could never be contented again.

"At present I am fairly happy, partly owing to membership in your Compliment Club, and activity in our local church.

"But I am still young. I should like to marry again and rear a family, for I realize that there is no happiness to equal that of marriage.

"My difficulty now consists chiefly of meeting an eligible man. In our small town, all of the desirable males are already married. But surely there must be thousands of attractive men of about my age somewhere, who are interested in marriage.

"Yet, how can a young woman meet them? Dr. Crane, it seems to me that this is a serious problem today. How would you solve it?"

SCIENTIFIC DATING BUREAU

Answer: When the large mail houses began sending catalogues to farmers, they rendered a distinct service by presenting a wider range of merchandise than many a village store could offer.

We need a similar type of organization in regard to matrimony so that young women like Alicia will have a wide range of certified prospects from whom to make a selection.

Too many people seem to laugh or treat lightly this grave subject. Yet it is one of the most critical social problems in America. Thousands of business and professional men, as well as stenographers and college students, are just like Alicia in this respect.

We need a Scientific Dating Bureau to help unmarried folk to get acquainted.

HOW TO GET YOUR MAN

One of the first principles in salesmanship is that you must meet prospects. You cannot hope to sell either life insurance or vacuum sweepers by sitting at home or behind a mahogany desk.

The same principle is equally true in matrimony. If you wish to choose the best marriage partner, you must have a wide selection.

But there are millions of American men and women who have at best only two or three marriage prospects, so they are compelled to choose the less objectionable of the three or else become old maids or bachelors.

Timely Tips

By MARY ELSNAU

- Serve chicken a-la-king or creamed tuna in nests of crisp canned shoestring potatoes. Potato chips may also be used in this way.
- For color, on the table, fill a medicine dropper with food coloring, place one or two drops on each sugar cube and let stand until dry.
- Use ribbons to match the color scheme as napkin rings for your party table.
- Buy a small fish bowl to beat cream or eggs in. There will be no splash as the crown of the bowl catches the drops.
- To melt chocolate for cooking, leave chocolate in its individual wax wrapper, place in top of double boiler until soft, scrape it off the paper with a knife.

If they had a dozen or possibly a score of prospects they could probably select personalities much more nearly suited to their own. Unfortunately, the very organizations which should tackle this problem, are leaving it alone.

FORM AN ACQUAINTANCE CLUB

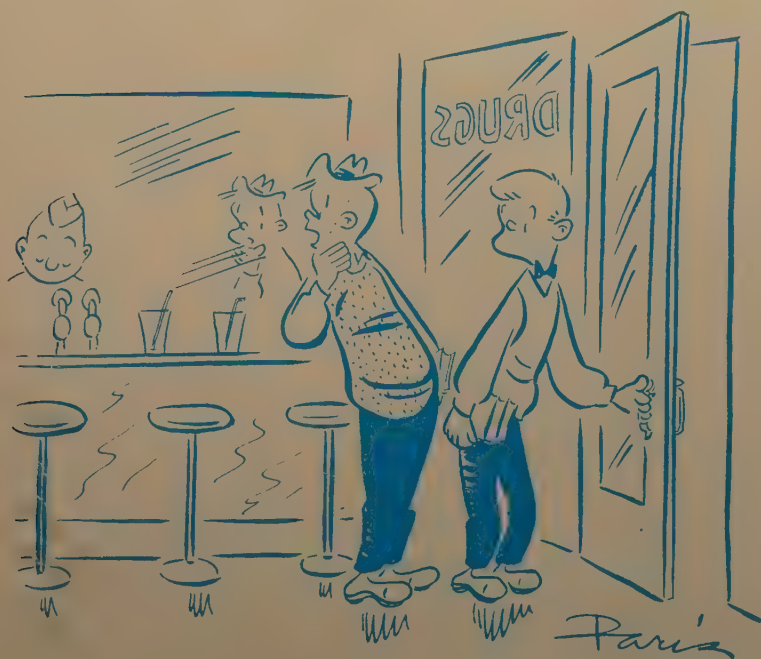
The church and the newspaper are probably the two best agencies now available for meeting this critical need. But both of them are ignoring their opportunities almost entirely, so charlatans and quacks are often allowed to dominate the field of operating marriage bureaus.

It is high time we stopped snickering at preparation for happy marriage, or ridiculing people who admit they want a mate. That is a most desirable goal for all normal men and women.

If you wish my bulletin on "How to Form an Acquaintance Club," send a 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus a dime.

It will help promote happy marriages, which are, incidentally, the very foundation of our country and the hope of civilization.

(You may write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine.—Ed.)



"Whaddaya know—I forgot to shave last month."

STUDY GUIDE

on "Family Growth by Grace at Table"

I. Report on the Article:

1. Short review of the study article by some member of the group. Here are the principal points:

a) The grace which is said at table often lingers in the minds of people as they grow older, while other mealtime, happenings are forgotten.

b) Saying grace is a custom rooted deeply in the past. Materials for blessings are found in the Bible, in family traditions, in books of graces, in familiar hymns.

c) Variety may be secured by changing from prose to singing graces, by saying blessings in unison, by joining hands, by taking turns. Adaptations should be made to suit the ages represented around the table.

d) Memorized prayers lend themselves to group participation, they stick in the minds, they come as old friends when heard at other tables. Spontaneous prayers give opportunity for seasonal and special thanksgiving in the family.

e) Values of saying grace include the inculcation of the habit of reverence and dependence upon God, development of a prayer life, openings toward acceptance of Christ, and the forming of close family ties.

II. Guiding Principles for the Various Age Levels:

1. For Children—

a) Younger children respond to the rhythmic and will get much out of singing graces and well-rhymed verses.

b) Even the youngest child should have his own special grace which is his to use except on rare occasions when adults join in.

c) Just as soon as a child is able to talk he should be encouraged to take his regular turn at saying grace.

d) The custom of joining hands when grace is said tends to make the younger child feel himself to be a real part of the occasion.

e) The fact that the grace is a prayer to God ought to be stressed.

2. For Adolescents—

a) At the age of decision, adolescents may find strength and guidance toward a definite commitment to Christ from the unbroken habit of prayer at table.

b) In the stresses of life at this age adolescents may be held steady by the knowledge that Jesus Christ is the power to whom men may turn for help.

c) Strong attachments are easily formed at this age, and an attachment to a way of life is just as possible as an attachment to a person. Grace at table is a pointer to an ordered, religious way of life.

3. For Young People—

a) The young people will begin to think in social terms and ask permission to bring their friends home to share a meal. At this stage it is most important to have such a dignified, significant way of asking the blessing that they will be as proud of that part of the meal as they are of the good food and hospitality provided.

When Children Come With You

Plan to have a leader who may: **Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books on crafts secured from the library. A gift for mother or a springtime gift for a friend might be made.

Direct Games. Seasonal games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or in the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries.

b) When the family is alone the young people will be valuable participants because of the experience they have had, and because they are keenly aware of the implication of prayer.

c) At this stage, they will have outgrown the adolescent impatience with younger brothers and sisters, and will be more likely to come down to the level of the youngest than they were.

d) It must not be overlooked that young people will be away from home oftener and for longer periods of time than ever before. They may tell how they carry on the custom of saying grace when away at school and be asked to bring home helpful ideas. Too, when they do come home for the holidays there should be special emphasis on that which they may be able to carry over into their lives during the two or three months before another vacation.

III. Questions for General Discussion:

1. Is grace a "must," or something which may be done or left undone without appreciable difference? If the cus-

tom has been neglected in a home, what is a good way to start?

2. The group might compare their own early experiences. How many graces can they remember from their youth?

3. What should be the content of graces? Where may the best ones be found?

4. Compare the methods used at various times by members of the group, and make an evaluation of each. Is there one *best* method?

5. How are the principles of democracy forwarded by this simple act done as a family unit?

6. Are there permanent values in the spiritual enrichment of life to be gained from the habit of saying grace? What are some of them, in addition to the ones suggested in the article?

7. By taking a typical family represented in the group, consider how adaptations to the age levels may be made.

IV. Additional Suggestions for Parents:

1. Parents must always be in control of the period when grace is said. Children should understand that, although they participate, the father and mother are the religious leaders in the home.

2. Adults must be careful not to bring their anxieties and worries to the table. Following the grace, a strained, uneasy meal caused by the unrest of a parent will becloud the atmosphere created when the prayer was said.

3. While appointments must be kept in this busy world, as much as possible adults should plan their day to avoid clock-watching and rushing through meals. This is not only bad physically, but it is a situation which will affect the spiritual aspect of the children's lives.

V. Additional Resources:

Brown, Jeanette Perkins, *A Little Book of Singing Graces*.

Clemens, Margaret M., *The Best There Is*. Judson Press.

McGavran, Grace W., *And When You Pray*. The Pilgrim Press.

Schroeder, Gordon H., *They Thank God for Their Food. Do you?* Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York.

Leaflet, "Family Worship With Young Children." International Council of Religious Education. Film Strip, "At Home With God."

By GLENN H. ASQUITH

OCCUPATION—

Housewife



Symbols for the housewife's
coat of arms—not found
in books on heraldry.

*She sets her pace, and keeps it, too.
Her secret? Nothing new.
An attitude of love and cheer,
Whate'er the task to do.*

*She gallops through a busy day,
And feels nor stress nor strain.
Her love of home and love of God
Her energy sustain.*

I. P. B.

SHE WAS A BUSY wife and mother.

Today she tacked a little clipping above the sink where she could read it as she washed the dishes. Of course, she might miss getting the tine of a fork through its three dippings of hot suds and one rinsing while she read, but that was a small matter between a fork and Busy Wife and Mother!

The clipping was concerned with relaxation, and to whom could that commodity be of more urgency than to BW and M (Busy Wife and Mother)?

The article was very meticulous. It went into great detail about how to achieve relaxation. One must, the article said, relax every inch of the body. One must begin with the toes, and put the mind completely upon toes until the ten were relaxed. Then one must go over the rest of the body—muscles, sinews and all—in the same painstaking way, with the mind entirely on anatomy—and relaxation.

The mind had something else to do, also. It must imagine itself totally detached, and swimming or sinking or floating or something, but always free for constructive, affirmative thoughts. The whole exercise of relaxation could be accomplished in about an hour, after which one was to lie for another hour in a softly darkened room, with iced pads over the eyes. During this period, one was to sleep or meditate.

BW and M approved of the idea of relaxation, although a few of the methods appeared to be somewhat time-consuming for her regular schedule. But she would try the plan, sometime, perhaps in about fifteen years. Her children would all be in college then, and she would not need so much relaxation but she would have more time to practice it.

BW and M hung her dishtowel up in the sunny kitchen and pondered. How relaxed was she? How much more relaxation did she need? Maybe she was about to crack up and did not know it?

Yes, she was busy—but she could not think of many things she wanted to do that she could not.

Yes, she was often weary—but she worked under no particular tension.

When she thought about it, she remembered she was always changing her household plans so that she could putter at something she had not wanted to do for days.

No, she was not tied in a knot, although the article plainly mentioned the stress and strain of housework.

She admitted that sometimes she needed a fast hand and an agile brain, but that did not mean a breakdown. Or did it?

She glanced mentally over a few points of her day:

Feed the baby.

Get the breakfast.

Wash the dishes.

Make three beds and a crib.—That's a lot of beds! But she worked in comfortable, airy rooms, at a speed she set for herself. She drew white, clean sheets over the beds and smoothed out every wrinkle.

Nothing very nerve-wracking about that.

In fact, she defied any woman to make a bed properly, under ordinary circumstances, and not be soothed by the slow, rhythmic movements and the psychological influence of sleekness and order. It just seemed to BW and M that bed-making was not frustrating, but a part of a pleasant routine.

Then she bathed the baby.

If there was anything more relaxed than a baby in a bathtub, then BW and M had never seen it.

True, it takes some dexterity to keep the baby and the bath together at the right places at the right time, and probably no great relaxation could be enjoyed by the bath-giver at the time. But when the Bathee was fed again, and in bed, BW and M experienced a feeling of satisfaction and well-being, even though the article she had clipped might not classify the process as "relaxation." Besides, there are no rules which say that BW and M could not sit down, just here, and drink a cup of coffee.

Definitely, Busy Wife and Mother felt that the baby's bath did not upset her—emotionally!

While the baby slept, sometimes BW and M watered the lawn. Of course, if one must go tearing over the place with sun-hat and trowel, taking out weeds first, one might have to hurry and, therefore, become neurotic before the baby awoke. But if one's husband took care of the weeds, as most husbands do, what was to prevent one from a lovely rest in a lawn chair, hauling it from place to place and soaking up

the sunshine, while lazily holding the hose and letting the water soak into the ground?

Here one cannot be in a darkened room.

Here one cannot wear iced pads over the eyes.

Here one wants every sense alert to God-given Beauty, life and growth. Where, more than in a garden, even in a suburban back yard, could Busy Wife and Mother better meditate upon God's goodness and her own happy state?

She liked the article.

She liked thinking of all the ladies in pink negligees going through the leisurely ritual, from relaxed toes to padded eyes.

When night came BW and M was tired so she went to bed early, but she took time in that interval before oblivion, to thank God for her family, her home, and her work. Yes, housework!

She slept peacefully, calmly, deeply—perfectly relaxed.

Blessed relaxation!

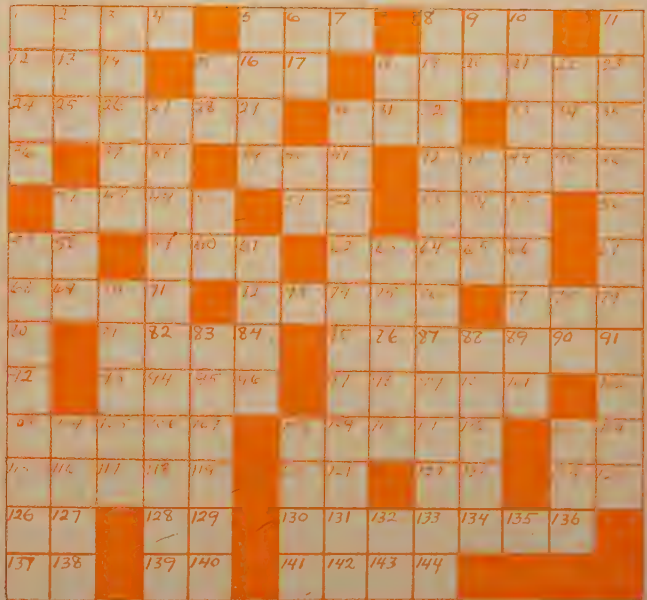
BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A. Make believe ----- 14 32 41 83 99 9 24
- B. Trusted in, or had faith in ----- 67 2 45 16 12 73 26 7
- C. In the middle of ----- 122 13 28 42 72 97 23
- D. A game played on ice --- 96 57 18 11 135 101
- E. To utter a loud cry ----- 102 131 84 86 138
- F. One of the twelve apostles 85 128 134 111
- G. Moved with jerky motions, as a dog's tail ----- 93 69 124 88 144 74 47
- H. Half a hundred ----- 30 120 52 39 50
- I. Moved quickly ----- 34 48 4 119 94 132 10
- J. Made of wood ----- 77 19 44 61 118 70
- K. Time between halves of a game ----- 40 3 65 56 49 35 53 123
- L. Protective spectacles ---- 112 31 59 71 66 103 17
- M. Book of the New Testament 95 37 20 6 108 15 76
- N. A store, or collection of stores ----- 89 8 68 80 106 92
- O. The early part of the day 25 51 75 55 110 27 5
- P. Not long ----- 38 117 125 136 116
- Q. Worthless things, rubbish 107 129 64 36 109



(Solution on page 42.)

- R. Country where men wore pigtaails ----- 104 114 143 82 54
- S. Tremble, or shake ----- 29 43 81 98 90 79
- T. Man who raises wheat, oats, etc. ----- 1 22 58 21 115 105
- U. To make wider ----- 113 137 127 140 91
- V. Pulls along by a rope or a chain ----- 133 126 130 62
- W. Chose by ballot ----- 142 60 121 141 87
- X. To fuss, or take trouble - 139 78 33 63 46 100

His Banner Over Me

(From page 10.)

greens for a salad. She opened spiced peaches to have for dessert and cut crusty slices from a loaf of homemade bread that Dan's mother had sent over.

We'll have coffee, good and hot and strong, to celebrate, she said to herself, getting out the coffee-maker. Then she laughed. *What am I celebrating?* she thought, and at once gave herself the answer. *This is my own little private celebration, because I've got my Dan.*

WHILE she worked she could hear pleasant, reassuring sounds from the bedroom. They seemed to indicate that her men were at least contented. There was an occasional clink of spoon against bowl, the creak of the bed as Dan shifted position—Dan's way of feeding Timmy was to put the baby flat on his back on the big bed and recline beside him, propped on one elbow, while he spooned the food into the little mouth.

"How's it going?" she called, and Dan called back, "Swell." Otherwise there was no indication as to whether the food was going down or not until Dan appeared in the doorway with the tray in one hand and the satiated, drowsy baby on the other arm. Dishes were scraped clean, and the bottle was empty except for about half an ounce of formula.

"Burped and everything," said Dan, "and ready for a long snooze. He was starved."

"He had his chance," said Mary Lee, her face showing surprise and pleasure. "But how?" she asked, pointing to the empty applesauce jar. "You dumped it down the drain. I know he didn't eat it. I didn't hear any screams. Come on now, tell me what you did with that applesauce."

Dan looked at her tenderly, noting the dark circles of fatigue around her blue eyes and the signs of tension in her face. "The magic of my personality," he said modestly.

"How come the magic of my personality didn't work?" she asked. "You'd think my personality was pure poison the way the guy resisted it."

"Could our budget stand a little course at a charm school for you?" inquired Dan kindly.

"It could not," said Mary Lee coldly. "And you know I'm loaded with charm—any more would show. In fact, young man, our budget—now that you've brought it up. . . ."

"Let's talk about something else," groaned Dan. "I'm hungry, woman. Where's my supper?"

"Not a bite do you get until you've told me how you got that applesauce down Timmy." She looked at him with growing suspicion. "You didn't eat the child's food yourself, did you?"

"Actually," said Dan, "it was just a little trick. While I fed him the cereal I let the applesauce jar stand in the warm water. When he finished the first course there was hardly any change in temperature as he went on

to the second. It wasn't the taste of applesauce he minded but the coldness of it. And let that be a lesson to you and that baby book." He chucked Mary Lee under the chin, unwisely—but how was he to know?

THE ACCUMULATED fatigue, frustration, and self-doubt of the day rolled over Mary Lee like a giant wave submerging her and she began to cry.

"Don't do that to me," she said sharply, backing away from her astonished husband's hand. She cried at first silently, the tears rushing down her

That's Telling Him!

BY INA S. STOVALL

Two ways a wife

Her love can assert:

Hot meals right on time,

No buttons off shirt!

cheeks and dripping off her chin. She looked ridiculously like Timmy when he was most hungry and mad.

"I'm tired," she sobbed. "I'm just bone tired. I work all day and don't get anywhere. My own child won't eat what I give him. And I don't want you to walk in and chuck me under the chin like a child who's lost a lollipop, either. It's just too smug of you." The words rolled out in spite of her horror at saying them.

Dan looked at her in amazement for a short moment. Then he reached out and caught her to him in a tight grip, paying no attention to her struggle to get away from his arm. "Don't blame Timmy for it next time he uses strong language," he said, "and stop acting like a child." His voice was gentle. "That crack about the baby book was a dumb one, honey."

Timmy observed the scene from his comfortable position in the hollow of his father's shoulder. Once he made a small, cheerful sound. "Pay no attention to him," advised Dan. "Go ahead and squall, hon, if it helps any!" Still holding her firmly he backed to a chair and sat down, pulling her to his knee.

"But it's so simple," she wailed. "It's the last straw. All you do is warm his applesauce. Why couldn't I have thought of it? I'm his mother."

"You would have," Dan said. "You'd have caught on." He patted her back tenderly. And she put her face down on the plastic ruffles that covered his chest and wept on. She wept for the lateness of supper and for the vacuum cleaner that had gone on the blink early in the day. She wept for the unwashed lunch dishes and the messy living room and the cold wet baby. She wept for the dream gone out of focus, for Dan coming home to trouble instead of warmth and peace, for the baby's problem she hadn't the wits to discover. Dan let her cry.

"Looks like you're a better mother than I am, too." She sat up and wiped her eyes on the tail of Timmy's sleeper. "I'd better rescue those potatoes. At least I can feed you."

But Dan showed no inclination to let her go. "Let 'em burn," he suggested. "I find this threesome very nice. It's always been my ambition to be a good mother—really." He cupped Mary Lee's chin in the hand that wasn't holding Timmy and tipped her face up so he could look into the troubled eyes. The trouble in them was real.

"But, Dan," she said, "this isn't just the applesauce. It's a kind of symbol that I can't do my part of the job. I just can't leave the stay-at-home things for you to solve, too—that's not what you married me for." The tears were very near the surface again.

"Let's leave what I married you for out of this," said Dan. "And now you straighten up and stop feeling sorry for me—and for yourself, too. We haven't any problems we can't work our way out of."

Mary Lee looked at him, not yet reassured, but renewed, in a way, by her relaxing tears.

"I'll spell it out for you, my precious nitwit," continued Dan. "*We are a family.* That's the first line in the primer. Now, say it after me. We are . . ." Mary Lee began to laugh. But Dan was serious. "Don't go hysterical on me," he said, "but I want you to learn that line. And what's the business of one of us is the business of all three of us. I don't have to make the money alone, because you help me out in every way you can. You don't have to do the home things alone, because I want to help you. And you've got your part to play, too, young man—you're to eat your applesauce when your mother gives it to you, and anything else she sees fit to stuff you with." He jiggled the relaxed pink bundle that lay on his arm.

Timmy blinked and batted his lashes and went securely back to sleep again. Mary Lee sniffed the scorching potatoes and put her head down on the half of Dan's chest not occupied by Timmy. She felt weak and at the same time strong. She felt rested and renewed. "With you to help me maybe I'll grow up by the time Timmy does," she said.

Dan bent down and kissed her. "And with you to help me maybe I'll stay

young with Timmy," he said. "And that's not applesauce."

This is an important moment in our marriage, thought Mary Lee, the three of us sitting in one kitchen chair and letting the potatoes burn.

Dan was the first to move. "Now get to those potatoes before I faint of hunger."

As she popped the chops under the broiler a line came to her out of some deep memory.

He'd laugh at me, she thought, if I told him he's like a verse from the Songs of Solomon. Wouldn't he hoot? But deep inside her the beautiful words burned, and warmed her.

"His banner over me was love," she whispered to herself. "His banner over me was love." And all the time she was dishing up supper the words sang in her heart.

Fourth Sister's Gift

(From page 26.)

When they got home, instead of working on his baskets, Great Uncle started the mat. His clever fingers made it so fast! Fourth Sister watched it grow, and soon it was as big as the old one.

"Now we'll get some bright red thread, and you can make a red edge," Great Uncle said.

"Oh, no, I can't sew," Fourth Sister told him sadly.

"But you can learn. I'll show you how to do it with a big needle I have," he told her.

It was not easy. Fourth Sister found the needle very tricky. Sometimes it tried to slip from her fingers, sometimes it pricked her, and sometimes it wouldn't go through the edge of the mat. Fourth Sister was tired before she had done very much.

Every day Great Uncle had her do a little. The more she did, the easier it was, and how pretty the mat grew! The red edge made it much nicer than it had been before. She did the work while the other girls were at school, and the two of them kept it a secret from everybody.

On the morning of Mother's birthday, Fourth Sister could hardly wait till it was time for the presents. First, Big Sister gave Mother her picture frame. Then Second Sister gave Mother her pin ball. Then Third Sister gave Mother her needle case. They thought the gifts were all there.

Then Fourth Sister came with the mat. Great Uncle had hidden for her in one of his baskets. She bowed just like the big girls, and gave it to Mother.

Big Sister and Second Sister and Third Sister all crowded together to see. "Oh!" one said. "What is it?" another asked. "Who made it?" the third one asked.

"Why, Fourth Daughter! What a pretty mat! What a perfect present! Something I can use every day," Mother said, looking very happy.

Great Uncle watched them all and smiled, too.

Family Life in Mexico

(From page 18.)

Catholic families observe Saints' Days, which means that a person is honored on the day of the saint for whom he is named. Among Protestants this has been changed to the celebration of birthdays, but because of their love of festivities, many families observe both. With eight or ten children each having two yearly celebrations, there is really never a dull moment. There is a minimum of gift-giving but lots of singing, beginning with a serenade before dawn and plenty of spicy Mexican food shared with friends or relatives.

Christmas festivities have been added to the traditional celebration of Twelfth Night, the anniversary of the time when the Wise Men brought gifts to the baby Jesus. So in many homes the children deck a tree for December twenty-fifth and put out their shoes for gifts on January sixth. Thus they really have two birthdays and two Christmases.

Although Protestant families do not do penance during Lent, they usually do make some of the delicious lenten dishes that are traditional at this time. There is a great deal of sharing them with other families, which adds to the fun and gives the women a chance to demonstrate their cooking skill.

Family life in Mexico is especially happy among Christians. Religion makes a difference in everyday life but it is more marked when trouble comes to the family. When it was known that fourteen-year-old Rosita was about to have

a baby, her father sought council with the leaders of the church and talked with her seducer and his father before he and her mother announced firmly: "We are not going to give up our beloved daughter to a man who has already mistreated her once. We will keep her at home and adopt the baby." Rosita was more an object of envy than of pity because it was apparent that her parents loved her dearly.

The Christian family does not limit its love to its own. Through the church there is considerable giving for others. When the Comacho family, with a household of little children, gave up milk one day a week in order to have an offering for missions, there were those who doubted the wisdom of such a sacrifice. Since then, many years have passed. One of the liveliest of the little boys has become a doctor. He is one of the few medical men in the country who will attend a patient in the wee, small hours and will work for months, even years, to straighten the foot of a poor child whose family can never pay him a penny. Perhaps giving up milk was hard on his teeth and bones, but it must have been good for his heart. At any rate, the extra love that was in the Comacho home is spreading over Central Mexico as a young bone surgeon follows in the steps of his Master in healing the halt and the suffering.

In the Christian home in Mexico there abides a strong faith in God, high hopes for the future, and tender love among the members of the family, with something left over for others.

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Do Working Mothers Mean Wayward Children?

(From page 23.)

Now that our young family is cared for during the hours of Mother's absence, let us discuss some of the more important aspects of the parents' attitude toward the children when the whole family is at home. First, there is less time for household duties. If it is at all possible for the mother to have one weekday at home for her housework, she should arrange to have it on Saturdays, when the children can help. Such a routine is good for training them in little tasks about the house. A large share of the dish-washing, cleaning, shopping and even ironing can be shared if the children are of an age to help. Even a four-year-old can dry dishes, dust chairs and tables, and pick up toys. Good for the child, good for Mother, too.

Fatigue makes short tempers, and an irritable family gets out of control easily. Younger children do not understand the need for Mother to be away, and for the housework to interfere with their love and the interests they have together. Both parents need to show more affection for their children, and to give more time to their children's pleasures. A day planned for their special enjoyment, a trip, the movies, any activity that is shared will reassure the children of their parents' concern and love. A few minutes spent reading to little children, a little time given over to their interests, no matter how trivial they seem, will repay the parent immensely in the better co-operation of child with parent.

One of the early considerations on the mother's part is to impress the necessity of her absence on the child. Often he has had too little experience to realize that all the things about him cost money; he is unable to understand that his father's income cannot buy all that the

family needs. The mother must try, in a sympathetic mood, to explain all this, perhaps by the example of not buying something the child wants, and saying that she will get it when she goes to work. A mother making this promise should remember it at an early date and emphasize to the child when she gives him the article that it was possible only because she is working.

With the child of reasoning age with a good background of home training, the problem is to impress upon that child that he is responsible for his own behavior during the hours both his parents are absent. He must remember all the rules of consideration for another's property; he must act as though anyone could go to his mother with a complaint for which he could be punished immediately. He must be even more careful of the danger points—accidents, fire, and carelessness that can cause hurt or damage to himself or to another. And he must always remember his parents' training, and not let bad companions draw him into any questionable activities. Parents of a teen-ager should check up on his interests during their absence, but they should not show too much disapproval, or he may let his resentment carry him further away from good behavior.

Frequently a person or activity outside the home may have a better influence on the children who are eight years of age or older. School hours occupy a major portion of their time, but there are free hours, vacation days, etc., when the close discipline of the school is not felt. The church in a neighborhood of working parents can help by providing space and supervision for games and hobbies, and by supplying companionship and helpful adult control. Just the fact that a youth can find friends and good clean fun inside the church will often lead him there rather than to the street or the back alley where it is unwise for him to be. Sympathetic leaders can be found who will take turns encouraging the children to join in the activities planned for them once or twice a week. The influence of these hours spent in good fellowship is immeasurable. Working parents can call the attention of the church to this need, and expect co-operation. It is a well-established fact that Sunday school and church trained children rarely get into serious trouble. Afternoon or evening hours of fun in a healthy atmosphere go far toward giving the participants a fine, sturdy character for future living.

No matter what other arrangements are made for your children while you are absent from them, you should keep in mind the fact that children need love and understanding during their early years, and that the time spent with them pays for itself over and over again in producing normal-acting, happy, resourceful adults. So plan a few hours each week with your family and help build responsible citizens.

When and How of Retirement

(From page 29.)

planned retirement possesses in abundance. For such a man there are ten to fifteen years of happy, productive service in this field. At the end of that time a preacher can enter upon complete retirement with joy and satisfaction, for he will have given a rural church competent service without displacing a younger man. The young men itch for the city church from the day they enter the seminary.

Perhaps I can take the whole matter out of theory by a bit of personal

He that nothing questioneth,
nothing learneth.

—Thomas Fuller

biography. My ministry has been spent in two cognate fields—the ministry and college administration. Once, in full prime of life, because of complete exhaustion, I was compelled to step aside for three years. At sixty-one I faced another period of withdrawal or serious impairment of my health. I took a rural church of thirty recalcitrant members. We promoted the church as a community enterprise, with the basis of membership a simple confession of faith in Jesus Christ, and its government congregational in form. It sought to be a service in the particular interests of the entire community. Monthly, the whole community came together in a communal supper and then, under the guidance of a speaker who specialized in some field, those who were present discussed religious, social and political subjects.

The church became a unifying force in the community. In a short time the church building was transformed into a sanctuary of aesthetic beauty and was filled with devoted worshippers. The worship was aided by a choir of fifteen voices. The missionary and benevolent enterprises grew phenomenally. Heavy and embarrassing debts to a church building society and to local creditors were liquidated, and a modern and commodious parsonage provided.

Three years ago I entered upon the second stage of retirement when I completed my active ministry at the age of 78.

Being a minister, I have slanted the foregoing paragraphs toward church employees, but they contain the essence of a retirement plan for other employees. Retirement must be anticipated and planned for. The plan should be well in hand while one is in the fifties. Old age should be anticipated, not as a malediction, but as the most rewarding and crowning period of life.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram, page 39.)

"Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil" (Ecclesiastes 12:13-14).

The Words

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| A. Pretend | M. Timothy |
| B. Believed | N. Market |
| C. Between | O. Morning |
| D. Nockey | P. Short |
| E. Shout | Q. Trash |
| F. John | R. China |
| G. Wiggled | S. Shiver |
| H. Fifty | T. Farmer |
| I. Hurried | U. Widen |
| J. Wooden | V. Tows |
| K. Halftime | W. Voted |
| L. Goggles | X. Bother |

Is Your Living Room

too small?

By Leonard John Turner

WOULD you like to dare to use one of those large-patterned wallpapers in your living room but haven't the nerve to risk making the room appear smaller than it is at present? Then take heart. It can be done through color styling. A color-styled room is one that has its better features "pointed to" while less attractive ones are suppressed.

The newer trends in living room wallpapers are toward large designs that seem unsuitable for small rooms though they are actually intended for both large and small walls. The old idea that large patterns and deep colors make any room appear smaller is an exploded theory. Actual tests have proved that large patterns can be used in small rooms to make them appear larger! The newer way is to change the apparent shape of the room by thoughtful decoration. No more drab and uninspiring walls in the small living room if you follow the latest decorating fashions.

If there is a fireplace in your small living room, paint the ceiling and the fireplace wall in a color of your choice; the particular tint or color should be copied from a figure in your chosen wallpaper. Then paper the three remaining walls in a brightly hued wallpaper with a design you can live with. The woodwork will look well if it is painted the same tint or shade as the ceiling. It need not matter if you choose a light or dark paper. If you choose a light one, then have the ceiling and one wall in the rich hues of deep colors now available. If the paper is dark, then it is advisable to use tints for the ceiling and one wall. If your room is without a fireplace, continue the ceiling color on the window wall.

Another cheerful variation is to paper only one wall—preferably one which is unbroken by window or door—in bright colors and exotic pattern and paint the other three walls and the ceiling in a matching color or complementary hue. Do not overlook an opportunity to use silver or gold paint on a ceiling.

There has been so much stress laid on color harmony for smaller rooms that it has caused many people to shy away from wallpaper that has deep colors or large designs. But now, decorators are hanging

chintz, cretonne and other fabrics in lieu of wallpaper and are doing the "one wall effect" in various cotton and linen materials. If cloth is used, then the same material should be used as drapery for the windows.

You may do as some decorators are doing to enlarge a room's appearance. They turn the keyboard of the upright piano toward a corner of the room! Try it that way; then have a glass company attach a plain, though heavy, mirror to the back of the piano and place a small table with a fern or plant or other decorative article in front of the mirror. The reflection of the room in the mirror is deceptive and adds an exciting interest to any room, be it large or small.

If you wish to give a modern look to your small living room, then don't use yesterday's stylings. You can make the smallest room appear interesting and worth a second look if you vary the treatment of wall decoration. See for yourself whether large patterns on the walls do not suggest a larger room.

There is an inspirational uplift to even the small and seemingly crowded living room when a large and exciting-patterned wallpaper is used on those walls that are now so depressing to you. The modern look is worth a try in any home, particularly if the rooms are small and *should* be larger for convenience and comfort. Make them *appear* so.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

(From page 11.)

"We can have experiences of God together," Tim said.

Loretta knew he, too, was thinking of the message of the pastor.

THE YOUNG PARENTS discussed their problem and made plans that night. Both agreed that when they were children the set, stated times of worship were often stiff and meaningless. Worship that grew out of their work and play and daily routine of living had been most helpful, they decided.

"Do you think we might grow careless about teaching the children if we don't plan a regular time?" Loretta asked.

"I'll not forget Jane's rebuke soon," Tim said.

"Nor I, either."

Loretta was surprised that Tim made use of an opportunity so readily the next morning. Before Tim went to work Jane sat down on his lap. She patted his face with her hands.

"I love you, Daddy," she said with childish sincerity.

"I love you, too," Tim said. "God is good to us, isn't he, Jane? He loves us and gives little girls their fathers."

"And gives fathers little girls," Jane said. "I love God."

Tim had taught the children as naturally as if he had become an expert during the night, Loretta thought. She would watch for other opportunities to help the children experience God.

During the day Loretta missed many opportunities to lead the children in worship. Several times when the moment was passed she thought of ways that she could have used the children's natural play in a moment of high worship. That evening a time of worship came when she was least expecting it.

Tim worked late at the office, Loretta tucked the children in bed before he came home. She felt grieved that she had let the day pass without having helped the children to feel their heavenly Father near. She put Paul in bed and tucked the covers around Jane. She lingered near the bed and bowed her head and asked God to help her to be more aware of his presence and to give her wisdom to guide her little ones.

When she had closed her brief prayer, Jane said, "Mummie, I want to say a prayer, too."

The little girl sat up in bed, clasped her hands in an attitude of prayer, and waited for her mother to teach her what to say. Loretta helped the child to word a thank-you prayer. When the prayer was finished, Loretta noticed that Paul had bowed his head in prayer, too.

"A-men, God," he said with sincerity.

Loretta left the children's room with her eyes misty. God had answered her prayer immediately. The experience gave her courage. She knew if she tried, God would help her to be sensitive to his presence.

The parents discovered that living less hurriedly contributed to a readiness for worship. The family had happy experiences when they took time to behold the beauty of the brilliant western sunsets, the color and fragrance of the flowers, and the many beauties of nature. They felt the heavenly Father's presence as they lived in his beautiful world.

AS THE CHILDREN grew, Loretta found that relating their behavior to God's plan for them was more complicated than she had expected. It seemed as if suddenly Jane came to a turn in the

Trouble and perplexity drive us to prayer, and prayer driveth away trouble and perplexity.

—Melancthon

road and was a strongheaded, defiant child. Paul was adopting some of Jane's behavior patterns, too. Of course, the change had been gradual, but one day it reached a peak. Loretta knew she must do something about the situation. When she and Tim could not handle the problem satisfactorily they appealed to their pastor. The result was the organizing of a class for parents who studied *Guiding Children in Christian Living*.

Loretta and Tim joined other young parents in real study of Christian living. They found answers to many of their problems in the sharing periods. Some of the trouble had been with themselves as parents. The sessions on understanding their children revealed to them their own faults.

The young parents pooled their information and inspiration and took an inventory of their problems. Jane and Paul wanted their parents' approval with a God-given yearning. They wanted to escape punishment, yet they had strong desires to investigate and find out about things. These investigations often headed them to difficulties. Their strong wills pushed them into head-on collisions.

"This is where we come in," Tim often reminded Loretta. "When the collisions come it's up to us to be God's referee."

With practice they learned to help the children manage their conflicts between love and hate. Their earlier training had good effect. Because the children had learned to worship a God of love, their parents were able to help them make love the motivation for their conduct.

"And just think! We thought we couldn't do anything to help our children," Loretta said.

"The biggest problem has been with ourselves," Tim confessed. "Once we

seriously tackle the job, God always comes to our rescue and gives us more light."

The family learned to turn often to the source book—the Bible. When in doubt about the right thing to do in new situations, they found the answers in the Bible.

One night a storm wrought havoc in their neighborhood. The family went outside the next morning to check on the destruction. Limbs of trees littered the yard. Fences were blown over. Small houses were blown off the foundations.

When they returned to the house they were still discussing the storm.

"I know you and dad were not frightened last night," Paul said. "I could tell you weren't. But, crickets, I was scared half to death." He became thoughtful. "How do you do it?"

Mother reached for the Book. She read the comforting words, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." The children listened.

"Sometimes I'm afraid at first," Loretta said, "then I think of God's love for me, and I know he is always near me."

"Does that mean that God won't let the storm hit our house?" Paul asked.

"Need you ask, Paul?" Loretta said. "No matter what happens he cares for me."

A look of understanding came over Paul's face.

OFTEN THEY READ the Bible together when no problems were present. Because their parents selected passages that had meaning for their age levels, the worship was not stiff and meaningless. They guarded against causing the children to look upon the Bible as a big stick to punish them.

When the children acquired a fair ability to read, they were allowed to take turns in reading aloud to the group. Tonight was father's turn. When he had finished reading the passage, he discussed it with the children. They saw the picture of the brave man in jail who had endured much suffering because of an unfair trial. Dad asked each to try to think what he would do if he were in Paul the prisoner's place. Then they compared their attitudes with that of the great apostle. They worshiped as they followed Paul's acts while he was confined to jail. If he could write letters to friends, to the churches, and be kind to the jailer under those circumstances, they could in their freedom be more helpful.

God helps parents who are willing to try to guide their children in Christian living, Loretta thought. Their venture in learning by doing was working. She knew she and Tim had learned much more than the children had. She smiled as she thought of Jane's answer to the church school teacher. The joy of seeing her children growing as Christians wiped out some of the sting of Jane's rebuke.



Books for Adults

Did you read *Miss Willie*? Then you will want to read **Tara's Healing**, by Janice Holt Giles (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 253 pages, \$3.00). Although the main character, Tara Cochrane, M.D., is introduced for the first time; most of the others appeared previously in *Miss Willie* and *The Enduring Hills*, two earlier books in the same series by Mrs. Giles. The present book is an account of the rehabilitation of Dr. Tara Cochrane from the neurosis, anxiety and insecurity that had overwhelmed him after coming out of the tragedy of World War II.

The author continues her excellent job of portraying sympathetically, yet realistically, the hill folk of Kentucky, whom she knows so well. Their daily life, loves and hates, habits and prejudices, sins and sorrows, helpfulness and religion, form the background for the renewal of Dr. Tara's mind and life.

For an "inside" view of life in Russia since the revolution, read **Journey Between Freedoms**, by Tanya Matthews (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 281 pages, \$3.50). Mrs. Matthews, wife of a British correspondent, begins her story in 1919, when she was a very small child, and tells it through 1946, when she and her news-correspondent husband wangled their way out from behind the Iron Curtain. Because she belonged to the *bourgeoisie*, the middle class that suffered nearly as much as the nobility from the revolution, her life was filled with hardship. The picture she paints is certainly not a pretty one but it will help the reader to know what goes on among the people of Russia under the Soviet system.

With what great cost freedom of faith has been bought is vividly set forth in Roland Bainton's **The Travail of Religious Liberty** (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 272 pages, \$4.00). By telling the stories of nine men who played strategic parts in the struggle for and against religious freedom, the author sketches on a broad canvas the persecutions, tortures, sufferings, and fears they endured. In Part I is the account of Catholic and Protestant persecutions, telling of Torquemada and Calvin, the persecutors, and Servetus, one of the persecuted. Part II relates the advances made through pain toward toleration led by Castellio, Joris, and Ochino. Part III reminds us of the parts played by John Milton, Roger Williams, and John Locke in securing this freedom we now enjoy, at least in this country.

Books for Young People

Life and adventure in fourteenth-century England forms the background for **Three Golden Nobles**, by Christine Price (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 239 pages, \$2.75). Fourteen-year-old Stephen, a country boy who runs away from home to learn to be a painter, is the hero of the story. This is more than a tale of a lad who wanted to be a painter so much that he was willing to risk death to reach that goal. It is an account of the growing demand for freedom from serfdom that was typical of that period in England's history. However, the story is exciting and thrilling in itself and will hold the interest of young people of junior high school age, as well as some of their elders.

The story of two brothers, one a football player and the other his coach, makes up the plot of Dick Friendlich's novel, **Goal Line Stand** (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 188 pages,

Books for the Fourth Grade

\$2.50). College football with all its excitement, including complications caused by gamblers, is the medium through which the misunderstandings of two brothers of widely separated ages are finally worked out satisfactorily. The author knows his athletics well, being sports reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The problems of orphaned children are the concern of Mary Wolfe Thompson's **The Steadfast Heart** (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 248 pages, \$2.50). How fifteen-year-old Jo and five-year-old Dot finally become "adjusted" to living with Aunt Julia and Uncle Luke, Jo's troubles with her boy friends, the heartache and sorrow that come when families are broken up, all make this book of interest not only to girls but to others as well. The author writes out of her own personal experience in bringing up two "state wards."

Lovers of the West and the great out-of-doors will read with enthusiasm Lloyd and Juanita Jones's novel for young people, **Sentinel in the Saddle** (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 240 pages, \$2.50). Marsh Temple, high school graduate who does not know what to do with his life, finds out in this story of his experiences as a "Government hunter." Trapping coyotes, bears, mountain lions, tame cats, and fur thieves provides plenty of excitement and interest in this story of the Colorado country. An excellent portrayal of sympathetic and appreciative family life is also a part of this well-written story. It is good reading for the family circle where children are not younger than juniors.

A seventeen-year-old boy, a golden horse, and the salvation of the home ranch are the ingredients making up **The Whistling Stallion**, by Stephen Holt. (Longmans, Green, Inc., 211 pages, \$2.50.) It is a story that will set the blood racing in the veins of any reader who likes the great out-of-doors. Set in a background of the Canadian Rockies, the struggle of Roy Bell to take his injured father's place in keeping the ranch from bankruptcy will keep the reader reading when he should be doing something else. Here is a good book for young people but one which will have real appeal for most adults as well.

Books for Children

Some of the Little Golden Books (Simon & Schuster, unpagged, 25 cents) will please very young children. **We Like to Do Things**, by Walter Mason, with illustrations by Steffie Lerch, shows the many things little children enjoy doing. **Baby's Day**, by Gelolo McHugh, describes things familiar to a child. The pictures are done by Mary Blair. **Little Galoshes**, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, is the name of a little boy. The story tells all the different times he put on his galoshes, and the sound they made. Then one day he forgot them, with strange results. Rural children will enjoy the familiar in this book. To city children it will give new insights.

The animal stories in the Little Golden Series will please young children. **The Big Brown Bear**, by Georges Duplais, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren, shows the result of disobedience. **The Color Kittens**, by Margaret Wise Brown, with pictures by Alice and Martin Provensen, describes what happens when colors are mixed. **Duck and His Friends**, by Kathryn and Byron Jackson, with pictures by Richard Scarry, tells how a duck overcame his fear.

HERE'S YOUR Hemisphere

sides. (Several are illustrated.) For additional decorations, use pictures, postal cards, costumes, characteristic pottery, fabrics and other things available.

Good Neighbors. As the guests arrive, give each one ten pins and ten streamers cut from wrapping paper of different colors. They should measure about one inch wide and two feet long. When all are present, explain that everyone is to approach anyone else, whether they have been introduced or not, and say, "Good Evening (or Good Afternoon), *Senor* (or *Senora* or *Senorita*). I'm your neighbor, *Senor* (or *Senora* or *Senorita*) -----." The one speaking first with the correct title, pins a streamer to the one spoken to, and the player first getting rid of all ten streamers, wins. Fast talking is necessary in this game.

Mexican Tortilla Relay Race. Circles of brown wrapping paper eight inches across are cut beforehand, one for each guest if the group is large, two or more each if the party is small. Place the tortillas in two equal piles on the floor at opposite ends of a large room or two small rooms joined by an opening. Put a plate on the floor about two feet from each pile. Then divide the players into two groups and have each team line up beside one of the piles of tortillas. Give the first player of each team a silver table knife. The object of the race is to lift a tortilla on the blade (Figure C), carry it across the room or rooms, and deposit it in the plate at the opposite end. If the tortilla falls off en route, it must be retrieved with the knife without touching it with the fingers. Rival players passing each

*Be it East, West, North,
South, fun is fun in any land.
Here's a party with a Spanish
aroma that will give guests
memories they'll want to
take home-a!*



WHEN YOUR CLASS or young people's club or the members of your family wish to entertain themselves or somebody else, a Hemisphere Party assures lots of fun. It is a smart idea, too, for enlivening a missionary appeal and for publicizing missionary activity. The cash outlay is almost zero, and preparing for the party will be fun for the group.

Invitations are notepaper or other paper cut like it. On the front draw a map of the Western Hemisphere traced from a real map. Color with paint or pencils. (See Figure A.) Write the invitation inside.

Decorations should consist of lots of flags of all the Americas, strung on cord across the room, on walls and elsewhere. Make these of white wrapping paper, ten by fifteen inches, or twelve by eighteen. Make a pattern for each flag, trace it, then paint with show-card colors. Flags to be hung across a room should be painted on both

erty

By ELEANOR HEAD

other may not touch a rival's tortilla nor blow upon it. But creating a breeze that upsets the opponent's tortilla is fair play. After a player has safely deposited his tortilla in the plate, he passes the knife to a teammate. The team first transporting all its tortillas and stacking them in a neat pile on the plate, wins the race.

Eskimo Fishing Expedition.

This is another relay race, with the players divided into two teams. For this game you will need to make a fish for each player (as shown in Figure D). You will also need one or more cardboard boxes two inches high. Across the top of each box stretch and paste a layer of "ice" made from white tissue paper with two-inch holes in it. (Use a tumbler base when marking the holes.) Cut fish from heavy wrapping paper or construction paper, five inches long, and make a quarter-inch hole for its eye (Figure E). Fold the fish across the center (on dotted line) and place it in one of the holes in the "ice," with its head sticking up about a half inch above the ice.

The first member of each team is given a fishing rod, which is a stick with a string and a bent pin for a hook. He must hook one fish through the hole in its head, then pass the rod to another team member, who catches another fish, and so on. Meanwhile, an opposing team member is fishing in the same ice. When all fish are caught, another box is brought in. Since the "ice" is likely to break, finding



fish becomes increasingly difficult. The team whose members manage to catch their fish first, is the winner.

Hemisphere Spelling Contest.

Teams again compete. For this, two sets of large letters are prepared beforehand. These are printed on cardboard eight inches by twelve, with a string attached for hanging them around the neck. If the group is large, make two sets of fifteen cards each, with one letter to a card, to spell HEMISPHERE PARTY. If the party is small, make two sets of nine each, spelling DISCOVERY. For a very large group, have four fifteen-card sets, so that two pairs of teams can play. Extra players on each team take turns, so all have a chance. Teams line up. A word is read, and team members must arrange themselves quickly

to spell the word, the unnecessary members dropping out. Score is kept and the team wins that is the first to spell the most words.

Follow the Leader, based on an Eskimo game, is next. Each player still wears a card around his neck, but turned around to his back, and turned over so that a plain side shows. Each receives a pencil. A single line forms and all must imitate the leader, walk pigeon-toed, hop, duck-waddle and so on. Meanwhile each player must also draw the map of North or South America on the card of the person in front. This is not as easy as it sounds!

Favors are headgear. For the men, make Peruvian *chullos* by cutting paper bags, size 14 or 16, as in Figure G. Draw or paint colored stripes around them, representing wool embroidery. For the girls, make Peruvian hats of two paper circles, one fifteen inches across, the other seventeen inches, with a hole in the center eight inches in diameter. Cut through the side of the larger circle. (See Figure I.) Lap edges so the circumference fits that of the smaller circle, G. Sew together around the edge with a machine, using long stitches. Or staple or paste together. Add tapes. Paint the top in red, green or purple, as in Figure H.

Refreshments and Table Decorations.

Serve corn candy in Indian canoes cut from paper, seven inches by two (pattern O), and laced together at the ends. Serve peanuts in paper cups covered with wigwams made of half of a nine-inch circle of brown paper, decorated, rolled and pasted as in Figure L. Place cards are totem poles painted on wooden clothespins. (See Figures M and N.) Write the name on the cardboard "wings," and push the totem feet into a gumdrop to make it stand up. Refreshments may include chile con carne, or sandwiches with filler of green pepper (boiled five minutes), canned pimiento and salad dressing. Cake, ice cream or cookies of maple flavor are suitably American. Or just serve popcorn, one of the many gifts of the American Indian to the rest of the world.



Over the Back Fence

May Is Family Month

May is one of the most significant months of the year for families and homes.

For many years Mother's Day and Memorial Day were the centers of interest in family life. Occasionally Rural Life Sunday, with an emphasis upon homes, also falls in the "flower" month.

In recent years there has been an increasing emphasis upon Christian Family Week, which comes during the period between the first two Sundays in May. The purpose of this observance is not to detract from the time-honored celebration of Mother's Day. It is, rather, to place the emphasis upon the whole family, where every true mother would rather have it placed, and which is the real glory of motherhood.

Your church is probably observing Christian Family Week in several ways, and you will want to give the support of your family to this observance.

It is important to remember, however, that the best observance of this important week or month is in the home itself. Very likely your church is providing you with material to help in the observance. If not, you can secure from the Directors of Family Life whose names appear on the inside front cover of *Hearthstone* the little five-cent booklet entitled, *Pages of Power—1952*, which will be helping in your home. The booklet offers guidance for family devotions through eight "Stories of Family Worship." These stories "intend to show how everyday experiences of families may be given Christian meaning, thus greatly enriching the life of the home." This booklet is not meant to take the place of *The Secret Place* but to supplement it.

Make good use of the opportunities provided by Christian Family Week in your home this year.

See You In Chicago!

The editors of *Hearthstone* will be glad to meet you in Chicago, May 19-23! They will be there at that time for the simultaneous conventions of the American Baptist Convention and the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ.

We hope you will come to the *Hearthstone* booth in the exhibit halls of both convention meeting places. Tell us what you would like to have *Hearthstone* include that will be most helpful to you in your home. We want to serve you!

Statistics Are Boring. But—

They are also revealing. Here are some that are of deep significance to the home:

Only one out of every twelve persons attends church regularly.

Seven out of eight children quit church school before they reach fifteen years of age.

People spend eight times more hours at movies than at church school.

The United States spends \$750 on pleasure and vice for every one dollar given to church work.

There are three times as many criminals as college students.

A major crime is committed every twenty-two seconds.

A murder is committed every forty minutes.

There are sixty suicides in the nation every day.

One million babies are born out of wedlock annually.

There are more barmaids in our land than college girls.

The annual crime bill is sixteen billion dollars, or two million dollars an hour.

There are 700,000 girls and boys in what J. Edgar Hoover calls the crime army of the United States.

There are 800,000 prostitutes in the United States, besides the hundreds of thousands living immorally who are not officially termed prostitutes.

Each year 40,000 unwed girls under fourteen give birth to children.

Over 18,000,000 persons in the United States are known to be infected with various social diseases.

All of these facts strike at the home and its stability. Most of them the home and the church together can do something about. It is time to give more earnest effort to changing this dim and dreadful picture.

Religious guidance for parents of babies from birth to two years old

Messages to Parents of Children Under Two is a new packet of materials for the church to use in helping parents recognize the spiritual implications of everyday experiences and to guide parents in nurturing the religious growth of their child. There is a two-color, four-page leaflet to give parents every three months, birthday cards for the church to send the child, and a guidance leaflet for the church worker. \$1.50 per packet

LEAFLETS FOR PARENTS (shown at left)

So You Have a Baby (at birth) discusses the importance of the atmosphere of the home and the attitudes of parents. *Christian Homes Are Important* (1 month) points out things parents can do to lay a foundation for future religious growth of their child, and includes a service of personal dedication. *Of Course You Love Your Baby* (3 months) points out the difference between wise love and over-protective love. *Your Child and God* (6 months) tells how to establish habits of prayer and personal worship in the home. *Learning to Live Together* (9 months) emphasizes self-control and inner restraint which parents and the child must learn. *One Year Old* (12 months) summarizes the physical, mental and social growth of the child. *I Belong in My Family* (15 months) helps parents teach the child self-respect and respect for others. *Here a Little, There a Little* (18 months) shows how the child catches attitudes and feelings of his parents toward himself and others. *Your Child and the Church* (21 months) points out the importance of the church and home working together. *And the Child Grew* (24 months) guides parents in understanding the child's actions as well as his words.

OTHER MATERIALS (shown at right)

In each packet is a four-page guidance pamphlet for the person who contacts the homes (the minister, superintendent of the Nursery Department or the church visitor) . . . a colorful birthday card for the church to send the child on his first and second birthdays . . . a chart for the church worker to record distribution of the messages to parents . . . a mailing envelope for each leaflet for parents.

Order from your church publisher!

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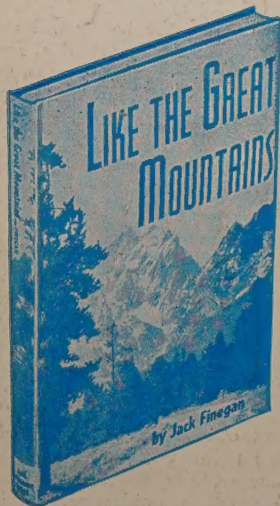


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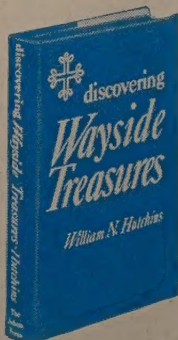
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By William N. Hutchins. Many enriching experiences will come to the readers of this delightful little book. Nothing is commonplace in God's world—everything is dynamic with spiritual meaning. Delightful stories reflect the beauty of God in daily life. Each "treasure" is presented on two pages in a few well-chosen words, revealing new spiritual horizons leading into pathways of Christian living. An unusually appropriate gift book for the graduate. \$2.00



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